

Catholic Digest

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SEE PAGE 97

25¢

MEN AND WOMEN IN GOD'S WORLD



Volume 13

JULY, 1949

Number 9

How to Escape Remorse	"Peace of Soul"	1
Baseball's Ten Greatest Moments	New York Times	4
Party Line	The Cantian	12
Catechism Up To Date	John E. Kelly	14
Our Old-Fashioned New Autos	Changing Times	17
Winged Wonder of the Sea	The Cross	20
Loveliest Book in the World	Southern Cross	22
What Are You Allergic To?	"Allergy"	24
Fresh-Water Monsters	American Legion Magazine	30
Marist Brothers of the Schools	"Follow Christ"	32
Uranium Rush	The Rotarian	34
The Quints Are Dionnes	Edward A. Harrigan	39

(Contents continued on inside front cover)

(Continued from front cover)

Footprints on the Sands of Time	<i>The Grail</i>	48
3rd World War?	<i>Commonweal</i>	51
The ABC of Trout Fishing	<i>Sports Afeld</i>	57
'More Catholic Than the Church'	<i>The Register</i>	61
The Dancing Disease	<i>Hygeia</i>	64
The Last-Chance Trail	<i>The Sign</i>	67
Liquor: Delightful Poison	<i>Holy Name Journal</i>	68
Religious Emphasis Week	<i>"Crisis in Education"</i>	73
Store Detectives	<i>Queen's Work</i>	78
Pop's Little Town	<i>The Grail</i>	82
Flying Medics	<i>Air Force</i>	85
Trials of a Translator	<i>From the book</i>	88
Finger Painting	<i>Robert P. Nenno, M.D.</i>	92
Finger Painting	<i>Picture Story</i>	97
I Knew a Saint	<i>Congressional Record</i>	113
The Open Door	<i>Contributed</i>	114
The Young DP Who Made Good	<i>NCWC</i>	117
How to Improve Your Personality by Reading		
<i>From the book by Francis Beauchesne Thornton</i>		119
Flights of Fancy, 21	<i>This Struck Me, 81</i>	

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

CATHOLIC DIGEST BLDG., 41 E. EIGHTH ST., ST. PAUL, 2, MINNESOTA

Braille edition: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen St., Boston, 15. \$10 per year.
 British and Irish edition: National Press, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin, Ireland.
 Canadian edition: Compagnie de Saint Paul, Ltd., 1502 Ouest, Rue Ste. Catherine, Montreal, P. Q., Canada.
 French edition: 13, Rue de Tirlemont, Louvain, Belgium. *Digeste Catholique*.
 Dutch edition: Tienestraat, 13, Leuven, Belgie. *Katholieke Digest*.
 German edition: 39 Herstattstrasse, Aschaffenburg, Germany. *Katholischer Digest*.
 Italian edition: Viale Piave N. 1, Milano, Italy. *Sintesi dal Catholic Digest*.
 Japanese edition: Komine Shoten, Funamachi 6, 6, Yotsuya, Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan. 799-799-11.
 Subscriptions to all foreign editions for your friends abroad or yourself are \$3 per year at the St. Paul office.



The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



Published monthly. Subscription price, \$3 the year; 2 years for \$5; 3 years for \$7.50; 4 years for \$10. Same rates for two or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own.

Editor: Paul Bussard Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales
 Assistant Editors: Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan, Harold J. O'Loughlin, Joseph E. Aberwald, Eileen O'Hara, Henry Lexau; Art, Kern Pederson
 Entered as second-class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1949 by the Catholic Digest, Inc.





VOL. 13

Catholic Digest



NO. 9

Just be sorry

How To Escape Remorse

By FULTON J. SHEEN

Condensed chapter of a book*

NO MORAL theologian denies the validity and necessity of psychiatry; but some analysts deny that there is any moral law or anything supernatural. It is important to keep stressing a difference between psychoanalyst and priest hearing confessions.

When a psychoanalyst encourages his client to laugh off his sense of guilt, he is making an escapist out of the client. Escapists refuse to face the facts that their own lives are disordered. They try to find an "easy" way out of their misery. One "easy" way out is scandalmongering, finding others who are worse than one's self and feeling good by comparison. Another is ridicule of virtuous and religious persons to avoid the reproach of their goodness. Still another escape is to drown the voice of conscience in excitement.

Faith in communism is an escape. The communist avoids the need of righting himself by finding the evil he hates not within himself but in the social system. His social conscience dispenses him from setting his individual conscience right. There is also the escapism of calling religion "escapism." It is most wrong-headed of all: like telling a man whose house is on fire that he is an "escapist" if he calls the fire department.

The real escapists follow many different routes, but none of them is humble enough to admit that there is some evil in him. All of them are too proud to admit that they need outside help to cure their misery. By denying guilt, they show that they are cowards; by thinking themselves perfect, they become snobs. The last desperate state

*Peace of Soul. Copyright, 1949, by the author. Published by Whittlesey House, 330 W. 42nd St., New York City, 18. 292 pp. \$3.

of escapism is religious persecution: hatred of religion is projected self-hatred. It is not easy for normal persons to see how goodness and truth can be hated, but they are. Truth can be hated, because it implies responsibility. Goodness is hated, because it is a reproach.

But since those who persecute religion must constantly think about God and His Church, they are often closer to conversion than the man who does not trouble to make up his mind on what is true. Russia, in its hatred of religion, is closer to Christ than many an American university which ignores it.

Escapism never succeeds. Every sinner whose frustrations and neuroses are due to a bad conscience is pulled in two directions. He is not so much at ease with sin as to be able to make it his way of life, nor, on the other hand, is he so much in love with God as to give up his sin. Such men have not enough religion to find true peace of soul, yet do have enough religion to make their sense of frustration worse after each sin.

Men who live in this moral twilight between faith and lack of faith rarely have a clear notion of the purpose of life. Yet a man must have a goal before he can live. People who lose sight of the purpose of life, perfect happiness, become staccato and jumpy—crazy quilts of conflicting patterns. They either immerse themselves in trivialities or try to avoid blame for the foolishness of their lives by denying that they have free will.

But there are some men and women who, after admitting their sins and faults, are still unhappy. Where there is a genuine sense of guilt, release can come only from God. Unless we are ready to ask God for forgiveness, the examination of conscience can make a soul worse. It will end in remorse instead of sorrow. The two are quite distinct: Judas had remorse; Peter had sorrow. Judas "repented unto himself," as Scripture tells us; Peter, unto the Lord.

As a mental sickness sometimes comes from not adjusting one's self to the right environment, so a moral evil comes when the soul does not adjust itself to God. Despair is such a failure: Judas despaired, but Peter hoped. Despair comes from not turning to God.

There are two ways of knowing how good God is: one is by never losing Him, and the other is by losing Him and finding Him again. For the sinner to be made well, confession and sorrow are needed. And the sorrow must have in it an appeal to God's mercy. As St. Paul says, "The sorrow that is according to God worketh penance, steadfast unto salvation; but the sorrow of the world worketh death." Remorse, or "the sorrow of the world," results in worry, jealousy, envy, indignation. Sorrow for offending God, felt in confession, is never a vexing, fretful sadness which depresses, but is a sadness from which great consolation springs. As St. Augustine put it, "The penitent should ever grieve, and rejoice at his grief."

To see why this must be, suppose that every time a person did wrong he was told to drive a nail into the wall of his living room and that every time he was forgiven he was told to pull it out. The holes would still remain after the forgiveness. The filling up of the holes is done by penance: a thief who steals a watch can be forgiven for the theft, but only if he returns the watch.

All sins cost the God-Man something, His cross, and so must cost us something. Moreover, the sinner should not want to be "let off," but rather to "make up" for his sins. In the Christian ages, men continued their penance even after death, by leaving money to hospitals, churches, and schools in Christ's name. The modern man more often endows a scientific laboratory in his own name. There are three general ways of doing penance: prayers, alms, and fasting. In prayer, we beg God's mercy. By alms, we give back to God some of the gifts He gave us. By fasting, we deaden sensual cravings.

But penances are not done alone; the penitent is helped by others who are in the Body of Christ. This Christian truth in its fullness is known as the Communion of the Saints. Just as we are all bound up in the guilt of one another's faults (as a modern war so evidently proves), so we can be bound up in one another's reparation.

The Communion of Saints is the great discovery of those who, as adults, find the fullness of faith. They discover that for years there have been dozens, in some instances hundreds,

of souls praying for them—storming heaven with the plea that he let in God's grace and truth.

Why are there monasteries and convents? Why do so many young souls leave the lights and glamour of the world for the shades and shadows of the cross, where saints are made? The modern world so little understands their mission that, as soon as a newspaperman hears of a beautiful young woman entering a cloister, he telephones the parents to ask, "Was she disappointed in love?" The answer, of course, is "Yes, with the love of the world. She has fallen in love with God." The cloistered men and women are doing more for our country than all its politicians, its labor leaders, its army and navy put together; they are atoning for sins of us all. They are averting the just wrath of God, repairing the broken fences of those who sin and pray not, rebel and atone not.

We do little enough penance today for our individual sins. But, even so, many of the frustrated modern men and women look around wistfully for some easier way, for a religion which will give the emotional lift without the penitential drag, for some cult that is elevating but not too demanding. Having many passions to be mortified, they want a streamlined cross. They seek a religion to give them a glow, but no blow. Some repudiate all religion, saying, "What can the Church give me?" At that stage of pride, the Church can give nothing, but it can take something away—one's sins. And that is gift enough, as a start.

Bats and brickbats



Baseball's Ten Greatest Moments

By ARTHUR DALEY

Condensed from the *New York Times**

AS NEAR as any statistician ever has figured out, up to the start of this season there were 58,386 regularly scheduled major-league baseball games since 1900. What were the ten great games of baseball history?

Don't rush, boys. Easy does it. There probably could be 58,386 answers. Alas and alack! This account automatically leaves 58,376 dissatisfied customers. Angels would fear to tread in this discussion, but there is another breed that just can't resist rushing in. So what follows is one man's opinion and one man's preference.

You may fire when ready, Gridley.

ONE of the most memorable and dramatic games ever played has come down to posterity under the unfair title of "Merkle's Boner." It was the late-season battle between John McGraw's Giants and Frank Chance's Cubs, two bitter rivals in a bristling, knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out struggle for survival. Feeling was high between the teams and a rabid crowd of 25,000 filled the old Polo Grounds to overflowing on that September day in 1908.

The Giants' immortal Christy Mathewson was locked in a tense duel with big Jack Pfeister of the Cubs as they came roaring into the 9th in a 1-1 tie. Ironically enough, the Chicago tally had come on a home run off the bat of Joe Tinker, a feeble hitter who unaccountably hit the mighty Matty as though he owned him.

But with two out in the last half of the 9th, the Giants had Moose McCormick straining at the leash on 3rd base and young Fred Merkle on 1st, with Al Bridwell at bat. He laced a clean single to center and McCormick happily trotted home with the "winning" run while fans stormed out on the field in delirious delight. The game was over. The game was won. Or was it?

Out by 2nd base, oblivious to the milling spectators, the trigger-brained and sharp-tongued Johnny Evers of the Cubs was shouting for the ball. He alone noticed that Merkle, following the custom of that era, had not run all the way from 1st to 2nd as he technically was supposed to do, but had begun to outrace the crowd to the clubhouse. Both Giant and Cub squads were shouldering their way through

the overjoyed multitude when they sensed something was wrong.

The ball had just been relayed to Evers near 2nd, when Matty realized that the fiery Cub infielder was about to step on the bag and claim a force-out that would make the McCormick run illegal. He tackled Evers and wrestled him to the ground. Iron Man McGinnity of the Giants, an understanding soul, picked up the ball and threw it over the grandstand roof.

Evers got another ball from the Cub ball bag, stepped on 2nd, and Umpire Hank O'Day allowed the putout, voiding the "winning run." The controversy was carried to Harry Pulliam, president of the National league, who decided that night to uphold his umpire. He ordered the game replayed at the end of the season, which finished with the Cubs and Giants tied for the lead. The Cubs won it, 4 to 2, and thereby won the championship. To his dying day McGraw insisted that he had been robbed of the pennant.

THIS is the story of Lou Boudreau of the Cleveland Indians, a manager who master-minds with his muscles. As last year's American-league pennant race approached its feverish close, Cleveland had about clinched the championship from the Boston Red Sox. The magnificent playing of its shortstop and manager, Boudreau, had given the Indians both the physical and inspirational impetus they needed to check the home-stretch sprint of Joe McCarthy's Bosox. Suddenly, how-

ever, the noble Redmen stumbled in the final straightaway and backed into a tie for the title, thus necessitating the first play-off in American-league history.

The tribe arrived in Boston for that play-off, shocked and disillusioned. The props had been knocked out from under the Clevelanders, their morale shattered by the unexpected tailspin. But Boudreau, the indomitable, rallied them with his crisp but quiet confidence. The hectic closing days had so scrambled his pitching rotation that he had no fresh, reliable hurler to toss at the Back Bay Millionaires. So he gambled on Gene Bearden, who was a rookie and a left-hander, each drawbacks for so vital a game in so oddly constructed a ball park.

But Bearden did not fail Boudreau. Nor did Boudreau fail Bearden. In his first time at bat the skipper of the Indians did a bit of master-minding that was beyond the powers of his managerial rival, McCarthy. He hit a home run. The great Connie Mack couldn't have accomplished what he did in his second trip to the plate. He hit a single. Nor could the mighty John McGraw have matched his third feat, another homer. Deep-thinking Miller Huggins would have found it impossible to manage as adroitly as Boudreau did during his fourth time at bat; another single. Of eight Cleveland runs, Boudreau had a hand in the manufacture of six of them, muscular master-minding to the ultimate degree.

It was one of the great individual exploits in baseball history. Winning

the world series from the Braves was easy after that.

BABE RUTH brought it all on himself, of course. If he had kept quiet, he might never have hit the most incredible home run ever. In the 1932 world series against the Chicago Cubs, all the Bronx Bombers were blazing with resentment, Ruth most of all. They were infuriated because the Chicagoans had cut in their old teammate Mark Koenig for only a quarter share of the world-series prize money.

"Hello, Mark," boomed the Babe in greeting. "Who are those cheap skates with you?" The silent Cubs squirmed uncomfortably.

"Nickel nursers!" taunted Ruth. "Misers!"

Angrily the Cubs struck back with a verbal assault of their own, with the Bambino their principal target. By the time the third game was reached the insults were blistering enough to curl your hair. Furthermore the crowd had taken up the chant and rode the Babe unmercifully.

In the 3rd inning Ruth stepped up to the plate with the jeers of both crowds and enemy players whistling around his ears. Charlie Root whipped a fast one across, and the Babe, a sardonic grin on his face, didn't wait for the umpire. He called the strike with one upraised finger. Again Root split the plate and again the King of Swat raised a second finger in acknowledgment of two strikes.

Then Ruth made his historic gesture. He pointed to the right center-

field bleacher wall where he intended to hit the next pitch. And that is precisely where he hit it! Over the wall it spun for a home run as the grinning Bambino thumbed his nose at the dumbfounded Cubs during a majestic tour of the bases.

"Suppose you had missed?" someone asked Ruth afterward.

"Gosh," he said, "I never thought of that." To the Babe the impossible was just commonplace. After all, had he not proved it?

ONE of the most unusual baseball games ever played was between the Cincinnati Reds and the Chicago Cubs on May 2, 1917. The day was cold and bleak with only a scattered handful of the faithful present.

The pitchers were as unique as the game itself. On the mound for the Reds was Fred Toney, a 235-pound right-hander. For the Cubs was Jim (Hippo) Vaughn, a 220-pound left-hander. Between them they unfurled a twin masterpiece such as a diamond has never seen before nor since.

In the 2nd inning Toney walked Cy Williams. He did it again in the 5th. Twice in the early innings Vaughn walked Heinie Groh, only to have Groh erased on double plays.

Earl (Greasy) Neale was safe on an error, but was out attempting to steal 2nd. At the end of nine full innings they were the only men to reach base.

The fans rubbed their eyes in disbelief. Not only were they watching a no-hit game, a rarity in itself, but they were watching a double no-hitter.

Into the extra innings the contestants whirled. It broke the spell. With one out in the 10th, Larry Kopf drilled a grounder through the right side of the infield for the first hit of this extraordinary game. After the second out Hal Chase, the Cincinnati 1st baseman, lined one to right, and the ball dropped from Williams' glove for an error, Kopf streaking to 3rd.

Up stepped Jim Thorpe, the Sac and Fox Indian, still considered the most versatile athlete the world has seen. He swung late on one of Vaughn's curves and hit it with the handle of his bat. The ball took a high hop in front of the plate and Vaughn, quickly realizing that he couldn't head off the mercury-footed Indian at 1st, elected to throw home to nail Kopf coming in from 3rd.

Catcher Art Wilson, expecting the orthodox play to 1st, was unprepared for the peg to the plate. So the ball scooted past him and Kopf scooted in with the winning run. Thorpe was finally credited with a scratch hit. Thus Vaughn, pitching a no-hitter for the regulation nine innings, lost out, 1-0, on two dubious safeties in the 10th. But Toney had a ten-inning no-hitter and the ball game.

IF ANY single game could challenge the Toney-Vaughn duel it was the thriller-diller between Addie Joss of the Cleveland Indians and Big Ed Walsh of the Chicago White Sox on Oct. 2, 1903. Mark the date well, because it indicates that the season's end was near. And what a season's end it

was to be as Cleveland, Chicago, and Detroit came charging to the wire like chariot horses, the pennant hinging on every engagement.

Although Joss was to win the remarkable total of 24 games before the campaign was over, Walsh was to achieve the absolutely unbelievable total of 40 victories. This crucial struggle was to be a match between master craftsmen: Joss, tall, thin, smart and possessed of a remarkable repertoire of pitches, and Walsh, big, brawny, brainy and one of the greatest spitball throwers who ever lived.

Addie had retired the first nine batters to face him when the Indians came to bat in the 3rd. Joe Birmingham touched Walsh for a blooming single that dropped at the feet of the Chicago center fielder. And Walsh picked Birmingham off 1st base so artfully that the runner had to light out for 2nd. But Frank Isbell's throw to head him off caromed off Birmingham's noggin into the outfield, the runner legging it for 3rd. Walsh retired the next two batters and had two strikes on the third when a wicked pitch tore through the catcher's mitt and permitted Birmingham to score from 3rd.

Walsh was superb after that series of misadventures and by the time the game had come to an end he had fanned 15 batters, had walked only one, and had yielded only four miserly hits. Chicago fans moaned, "What a crime it was for Walsh to lose a game like that on a two-base error and a passed ball!"

But was it such a crime? It would

have been much more criminal for Joss to have met with defeat. All the crafty Addie did was to yield not a single hit. He walked no one. There were no errors behind him. He faced 27 batters. He retired 27 batters. Addie Joss had pitched a perfect game!

In the entire history of baseball there have only been six such perfect games. But all others were in the spring when pressure was lightest. This was in the sizzling heat of the home stretch when the chips were stacked highest, and it was against the most formidable foe Joss possibly could have faced.

IT ISN'T often a fragment of a game can blaze its way in across the baseball firmament to a permanent place among the glittering constellations. One such fragment did. It was Carl Hubbell's epic achievement in the 1934 All-Star contest, a breath-taking exploit that diamond followers still discuss with awe.

The left-handed screwball artist of the Giants, now enshrined in Coopers-town's Hall of Fame, was the starting choice for the National Leaguers at the Polo Grounds. Before he could settle down the Americans had got two men on base. And who should step up to bat but Babe Ruth. The calm, imperturbable King Karl promptly struck him out while the crowd roared in glee.

But an equally formidable slugger was up next, Lou Gehrig, famed Iron Horse of the Yankees. Ol' Hub, bearing down with all he had, fanned him,

too. Yet Hubbell was not completely out of the woods. Still another great slugger was waiting, Jimmy Foxx, the feared Maryland Strong Boy. So Hub also sent him down on strikes.

However, the lean southpaw was not finished feeding his poisonous screwballs. In the 2nd inning he faced Al Simmons, another powerhouse at the plate, and then Joe Cronin, also a slugger of note. He fanned them both to complete a most astonishing trick, the striking out in succession of the five most potent batsmen in the entire sport.

But that always was Hubbell's way. The year before, he had assured the Giants of the pennant by turning aside the Cardinals in a crucial fray. He outlasted Tex Carlton and Jess Haines, to win in 18 innings, equivalent of two full games, and he never even gave one base on balls. The score? It was 1-0, of course.

WHERE Hubbell achieved some share of immortality with just a part of one game, Johnny Vander Meer of the Cincinnati Reds needed two full afternoons to gain his place. On June 11, 1938, the young left-hander spun a no-hitter against the Boston Braves. So what? That's approximately what the fans asked each other. It was nice for a kid to join the exclusive no-hit fraternity, but dozens of others had done the same.

Yet there was a greater feeling of expectation when it was announced that Vander Meer would pitch for the Reds against the Brooklyn Dodgers at

Ebbets Field four days later. It dressed up an already dressed up occasion, because it started night baseball in Flatbush. Larry MacPhail, the polished showman, was determined to put on a memorable show and he did it with all sorts of frills and furbelows. Yet not in his wildest dreams could he have guessed how memorable a show it was to become.

Vandy mowed down the first three Brooklyn batters in order and the huge crowd perked up. As inning after inning passed, the jeers of the Flatbush faithful died out; and on the banks of the Gowanus the Brooklyn crowd began to cheer for one of the enemy. Johnny was wild but he was fast, awfully fast. Dodger batters, one after another, slunk back to the bench.

Was it really possible? The question was being asked all over the stands. Could anyone pitch two no-hitters in a row? No one ever had since baseball was invented. The curly haired blond went through the 8th without yielding a safety and all Brooklyn, from Red Hook to Sheepshead Bay, was rooting for the kid.

Vander Meer retired Buddy Hassett to open the 9th, but then the pressure and mounting excitement got him. He walked three men to fill the bases. There was a force play at the plate for the second out and a soft fly to center for the third. The 23-year-old kid had done it: he'd pitched two successive no-hit, no-run games in a row.

THEY say that everything happens in Brooklyn or to Brooklyn. Could be.

One of the strangest games ever played was between the Brooks and the Boston Braves on May 1, 1920. It began mildly enough with Leon Cadore on the bill for the Dodgers and Joe Oeschger for the Braves. And they still were around at the finish, too.

In the 5th inning the Dodgers scored a run that more alert fielding could have prevented and in the 6th the Bostons did the identical thing. But as inning after inning reeled off, the fielding improved until one brilliant play after another managed to stave off runs.

The pay-off, however, didn't come until the 17th when, with one out, the Brooks filled the bases. Oeschger pounced on a dribbler and fired home to Hank Gowdy for a force at the plate. But Gowdy, in his anxiety for a double play to end the frame, threw wildly to Walter Holke at 1st. Thereupon Ed Konetchy set sail for home. Holke's return peg to Gowdy was so hurried that it pulled the sorrel-topped catcher away from the plate. The 200-pound Konetchy slid in, spikes flying. Gowdy dived for him, held the ball, and it was a double play after all.

By then the players seemed to sense that no one was going to win this game. Umpire-in-Chief Barry McCormick also realized it after the end of the 26th inning and three hours, 50 minutes of play. Darkness was settling fast and he called the game, which was to be the longest in the annals of the sport.

"Just one more inning, Barry," pleaded Ivy Olson.

"Why?" the umpire asked him.

"Just so we can say we played the equivalent of three full games in an afternoon," quipped Olson.

The next day the Dodgers lost to the Phils in 13 innings. The next day they lost to Boston in 19. So they played 58 innings, or what amounted to five and a half games, in order to lose two contests in three days. Ah, Brooklyn!

THE history of baseball is the history of trifles, of the fiendish pranks of Lady Luck. A pebble decided the 7th and deciding game of the 1924 world series between the New York Giants and the Washington Senators. That's what makes it so unforgettable.

Walter Johnson's appearance on the mound also made it unforgettable. The beloved Big Train was in the twilight of his career, and this was his first world series. He had been beaten in a 12-inning opener while fans the country over shed sentimental tears.

Now he was getting his last chance, the fourth of the Senator pitchers in a master-minding juggle of mound talent between John McGraw and Bucky Harris, then the Boy Wonder. It was the 12th inning of a gripping struggle, with Jack Bentley on the hill for the New Yorkers and with the score deadlocked at 3-all.

The first man grounded out, and up came Muddy Ruel, who had had only one hit in the series. He lifted an easy foul fly between home and 3rd. Hank Gowdy, the Giant catcher, threw off his mask and one of those once-in-a-lifetime things happened. Instead of

throwing it in back of him, he dropped it in front. He stepped on the mask, kicked it away, and stepped on it again. The foul dropped almost at his feet. Ruel thereupon doubled. Johnson was safe on an error and Earl McNeeley dribbled a sharp little grass-cutter down to Freddie Lindstrom at 3rd. It could have been a double play.

Just as Lindy stooped for it, though, the ball struck an innocent pebble and bounded crazily over his head to the outfield as Ruel raced home with the winning run.

Bentley, who should have been most downcast, shook it off quickly. "Cheer up, fellers," he told his glum teammates, "I guess the good Lord could not stand seeing Johnson lose again."

FOR sheer drama in its most unadulterated form, few diamond episodes could match the seventh and deciding engagement of the 1926 world series between the Yankees and the Cardinals at the Stadium on a bleak October afternoon. Great pitching by Grover Cleveland Alexander had tied up the series the day before, and old Alex, as was his wont, did a bit of celebrating under the assumption that he would not have to answer duty's call again.

The Cards led, 3 to 2, into the 7th, but Jess Haines, their starting hurler, was losing his effectiveness because of a blister on the second finger of his pitching hand. A single, a sacrifice, an intentional walk (to Babe Ruth), a force play, and an unintentional walk (to Lou Gehrig) filled the bases, with two out.

Manager Rogers Hornsby called timé, examined Haines' finger, and discovered blood was dripping from it. He beckoned to the bullpen and out shambled Grover Cleveland Alexander, 40 years old and slightly the worse for wear.

Tony Lazzeri, a long-ball slugger, was the Yankee batter. Alex whipped in a low, fast one for a called strike. He tried another and Poosh-'Em-Up Tony pushed it up. The ball went screaming into the left-field stands but

—at the last instant it curled foul by a foot. Thus reprieved, Alex poured in another fast one. Lazzeri swung savagely and struck out.

The next two innings were anticlimax. This was the one big moment. Only a philosopher such as Grover Cleveland Alexander could have accepted victory the way he did. In the clubhouse he merely shrugged his shoulders. "One foot made the difference between being a hero and a bum," he said. He meant it, too.



Prejudiced Devil

WE KNOW that when our Lord lived on earth He delivered many people from the power of the devil. And we are told that in pagan countries today, where the Gospel is being preached for the first time, diabolic possession is not uncommon. The following incident which happened quite recently, was recorded by an Irish Redemptorist in the *Redemptorist Record* (March-April, 1949). The priest who describes the incident had it from an eyewitness.

A young man named Krishna, while under instruction in the Catholic faith, became, through his own fault, possessed by the devil. The parish priest of the place, a very saintly man, undertook to exorcise him. Three times a week the exorcism was performed—yet it took almost three months before the demon was finally driven out.

One morning three Irish Redemptorists were present. Krishna knew only one language, his native eastern dialect. Yet, as the exorcism proceeded, he proved himself fluent in four or five. The priest addressed him in French; Krishna answered fluently in that same language. He tried him with English, and the reply came in perfect English. Then came a question in Latin, which elicited an answer in equally good Latin. But Greek—there was still Greek! Perhaps that little-known language would puzzle him. The exorcist addressed him in the language of Demosthenes, but the possessed man replied in faultless Greek! The priest then whispered to the Fathers to address him in Irish. One of them ordered the demon in forceful Gaelic to get out of the man. Back came the astonishing answer, in English, "I want none of your Irish."

S.M.C.

Tell a phone



Party Line

By PETER MINWEGEN, O.M.I.

Condensed from the *Cantian**

I CRANKED my first call on the old-fashioned telephone box in my new Missouri rectory. All my eight partners on the line promptly clicked in to join the conversation. Then and there, I vowed to give these people the dickens in a straight-from-the-shoulder sermon the following Sunday.

My housekeeper was scandalized to realize that the practice was general. She determined to eradicate the evil. She went over to see old grandma, our good-hearted neighbor who always brings us our morning quart of milk. Grandma, the only person she had met so far, was going to get a piece of her mind.

Rehearsing her protest, her indignation mounting, she was almost running as she neared grandma's humble cottage. "Grandma can tell the whole bunch of hillbillies what I think of them," she mumbled to herself.

By the time she arrived, her wrath was boiling over. She poured out her volley of city vocabulary to the astonished old lady. Taking a deep breath, she stopped for a split second to await the reaction.

"But it is so interesting," grandma

said, without being the least disturbed.

"Do you approve of it?" Miss Housekeeper asked.

"Of course," the good old lady replied. "I listen to every call on our line. I'm only sorry since Father's party line has been changed, I'm not in on all the good news that comes from the rectory."

Grandma's artless simplicity and candor disarmed the good housekeeper completely. Trying to convert grandma would be labor lost.

We soon learned that the evil is so well entrenched in rural Missouri that no law of Congress, not even the President himself, though he is a native son of the state, could ever abolish it. It is tolerated, condoned, approved, and generally practiced. When I first protested against the evil, people to whom I talked smiled compassionately. Their silence told me plainly, "Wait until you are with us six months." I did not need six months.

The first week after my arrival in the parish, my car failed to start on a cold wintry morning. The battery was too weak. I telephoned a neighbor to give me a push, but his wife told me that he wasn't home. Great was my

astonishment when, less than five minutes later, another neighbor drove up with his tractor to pull me up to the highway.

"Father," he said, "I heard over the telephone that you were stuck. So I thought I'd better come help you out."

Last year, my housekeeper's father died suddenly in Minneapolis. We received the long-distance call Sunday evening and she prepared to go home at once, but I had no gas to take her to the station. I went to my nearest neighbor to ask him for some.

"Her father died? When did you get the news?" the man asked.

"About half an hour ago."

"Well, well, how could it have happened we didn't hear that?"

"You were in the barn," his wife explained, "and I was in the cellar. That's why we didn't hear the ring."

This listening in does have many compensations. Old grandma and many of her kind, whose eyesight is poor and who are cut off from the outside world, enjoy getting the local news over the telephone wires. The party line is really a newspaper for the old folks. The telephone conversation shared by a dozen or more at one time, is for this very reason kept free from harmful gossip. It does not lend itself to political conspiracies, high treason, or getting the exclusive inside dope on a business deal, much less to shady transactions or shady language. How much evil would be eliminated if general listening in would be made mandatory by law!

An advantage not to be underesti-

mated is that it helps to educate the people in solidarity. It teaches them charitable interests and helpful dispositions in their neighbor's needs, troubles, and emergencies. Old George was in bad shape. Johanna, his daughter, had been without sleep for three days, watching with her old dad. She telephoned me about her father's sickness. The same evening, two ladies who had listened in offered to stay up with the old man while Johanna rested. Two other ladies did the same act of charity the next day and others who had listened in continued on until the old man died three weeks later.

If a cow or horse is sick, or a child has measles or mumps, all the neighbors are willing to watch, help, be of service. If the church was on fire, I would need only to telephone my neighbor and in less than five minutes the whole parish would be alerted and mobilized. When a man wants a job, he telephones his neighbor that he has a few days to spare, and, in just no time at all worth mentioning, he will have a call. A young lady telephones the rectory for a baptismal certificate, the first step towards publishing the banns for the wedding, and immediately the whole community gets ready for the surprise shower party.

No, you simply cannot take away the time-honored custom of listening in. To the people, it is better than the radio; it is their community news exchange, chamber of commerce, employment agency, Better Business bureau—in short, an indispensable institution in rural life.

Forever new

Catechism



Up to Date

By JOHN E. KELLY

A NEW catechism to give direction in coming years to the religious beliefs of American Catholics has been published by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in Washington, D.C. It is a revision of the famous Baltimore "penny" Catechism which has been the standard text in religion classes in this country since the 1880's. It took twelve years to make. In the process of revision, ten separate printings of the gradually changing text had to be sent to the dozens of theologians, seminary professors, biblical scholars, bishops, priests, and other persons who acted as consultants.

Of special interest are the questions and answers about economic and political life, and the wide use of Old and New Testament quotations to explain the answers. Basic doctrine is the same, but the tempo of modern times is mirrored in added text and new shifts in emphasis.

The work begins with the well-known "Who made us?" It considers each part of the Apostles' Creed, follows with a treatment of the Ten Commandments, and ends with an explanation of the sacraments and prayer. It also gives a new, uniform

text of prayers to be said after low Mass in all Catholic churches for religious liberty in Russia.

Catholics who learned their doctrine by heart from the old penny catechism got their obligations in economic life from this passage: "The duty of servants or workmen to their employers is to serve them faithfully and honestly, according to their agreement, and to guard against injuring their property or reputation. . . . The duty of employers to their servants or workmen is to see that they are kindly and fairly treated and provided for, according to their agreement, and that they are justly paid their wages at the proper time."

But the 1949 version, reflecting the Church's 20th-century drive toward labor-management-government cooperation in industrial life, sets down the following statement: "Employers who defraud laborers by not paying them a just, living wage keep what belongs to others and are guilty of grave injustice not only to the employee but also to the members of his family. This injustice can cause serious sins in the domestic life as well as in the social life of a community. Employees who waste time during working

hours, do careless work, or neglect to take reasonable care of the property of their employers violate the 7th Commandment."

The revised text brings out this point, in connection with the commandment "Thou shalt not steal": "It is sinful to incur willfully debts beyond one's ability to pay. The desire for pleasure and social and political ambition do not justify living beyond one's means, an abuse which has become a prevalent vice." This teaching is supported by a quotation from the Book of Psalms: "The wicked man borrows and does not repay."

The old Baltimore laid down the Catholic citizen's duties to his country sharply, stating that all are "bound to honor and obey . . . magistrates." *Magistrates* included "all officials of whatever rank who have a lawful right to rule over us and our temporal possessions or affairs."

In the revision, several pages are given to the subject. The general teaching is that "a citizen must love his country, be sincerely interested in its welfare, and respect and obey its lawful authority." This authority "comes from God, the source of all authority." The moral basis for good citizenship is that "right reason requires citizens to work together for the public welfare of the country."

About loyalty to government, the Catholic now learns in his catechism that "a person who plots against his country or rebels against its legitimate authority commits a grave sin." However, it is immediately added that

citizens have the right "to defend themselves against tyranny when there is no other way to secure the exercise of their fundamental human rights."

He is told that he must be guided by honest judgment when he casts his ballot, not by friendship or the chance of personal gain. "It would be sinful," according to the new catechism, "to cast a ballot for one who, in the judgment of the voters, would do grave public harm." He is also told that he has the duty of paying "just" taxes and of bearing arms, unless he is "convinced from adequate and unquestionable evidence that the war is unjust." The catechism says that four conditions are required for a just war: "1. if it is necessary to defend the rights of the state in a grave matter; 2. if it is undertaken only as a last resort after all other means have failed; 3. if it is conducted justly in accordance with natural and international law; 4. if it is not continued after due satisfaction has been offered or given by the unjust aggressor nation."

The original Baltimore catechism, formulated at a time when Catholics were not yet widely represented in public life, said nothing about the duties of public officials. Now that Catholics have reached many responsible positions, particularly in America's great cities, the 1949 religion text makes a pointed warning. "Public officials are obliged to make appointments on merit; they sin against the 7th Commandment when they demand money or its equivalent for such appointments. If these appointees do

not render a just service for the tax payments of a community, a further injustice is done to the citizens. Public officials sin mortally by taking bribes for allowing persons to violate the law in serious matters."

About the moral standing of various forms of government, the catechism says only this: "Citizens may accept any form of government that does not claim for itself rights that belong to God alone or those that are proper to the individual, to the family, or to the Church. The state exists for the common good of men, and not men for the state. A government may not infringe on the right of an individual or of a family to worship God and to live according to His laws; nor may it forbid parents to instruct their children in the truths of God and to train them in virtuous living. A government may not prohibit the Church from preaching the Gospel, administering the sacraments, and legislating in all matters that pertain to the worship of God and the salvation of souls."

The publication of the revised catechism for college students has no relation to the recent episode at Boston college, in which four lay teachers were discharged after they claimed that the college was guilty of heresy in teaching that persons could be saved outside the Catholic Church.

But the new catechism supplies an explanation of the Church's teaching.

"Q. What do we mean when we say, 'Outside the Church there is no salvation'?"

"A. When we say, 'Outside the Church there is no salvation,' we mean that those who through their own grave fault do not know that the Catholic Church is the true Church or, knowing it, refuse to join it, cannot be saved. 'Outside the Church there is no salvation' does not mean that everyone who is not a Catholic will be condemned. It does mean that no one can be saved unless he belongs in some manner to the Catholic Church, either actually or in desire, for the means of grace are not given without some relation to the divine institution established by Christ.

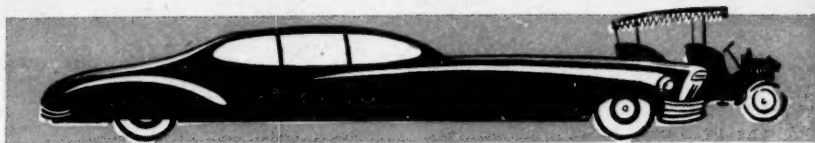
"Q. Can they be saved who remain outside the Catholic Church because they do not know it is the true Church?"

"A. They who remain outside the Catholic Church through no grave fault of their own and do not know it is the true Church, can be saved by making use of the graces which God gives them."

The catechism also states that "persons who make use of the graces God gives them, even though they are not members of the true Church, actually have the desire to become members inasmuch as they wish to use all the means ordained by God for their salvation."

THE haylift demonstrated the difference between Russia and America: here cattle are treated like people.

Pathfinder.



Automobiles with mumps

Our Old-Fashioned New Autos

Condensed from *Changing Times**

REMEMBER those days during the war when you could hardly pick up a Sunday supplement or weekly magazine without finding an "artist's conception of the postwar automobile"? Look up one of those forecasts some time. Then examine the facts confronting you:

The postwar automobile is basically just a prewar automobile with the mumps. The artist's dream still lingers in the Sunday supplement, hopefully re-labeled "an automobile of the future." The griping about many features of actual postwar auto design has been loud and long.

The postwar car is no carbon copy of its prewar ancestor, of course. A higher-compression engine has appeared, though the cheap high-octane gas needed to exploit it fully has not. Automatic transmissions are better and more common. Longer wheel-bases put the rear axle astern of your back-seat passengers, instead of under them, for more comfortable riding. But generally speaking, when the average customer goes in search of that postwar dream car, he recognizes it by just two startling changes: price

and styling. It costs more and it looks different.

The American motor car has, in its day, resembled a buggy, a stagecoach, a turtle, and a cabin cruiser. At the moment it is a chrome-crusted creature with swollen flanks and protruding rear, with which almost everyone finds fault and which almost everyone would dearly love to own.

Fenders and doors have been shoved out to exposed positions, where they can be dented or crumpled with the greatest of ease. Bumpers, on the other hand, have been drawn back against the car, where they give less protection and are of no use at all for carrying a cake of ice. Repairs, meanwhile, are harder and more costly.

Windshields have been slanted back for increased light glare and to permit a layer of snow or ice to form more readily on the windshield. Cars are too wide for some garages and too long for others, and take up more room in parking lots and on ferry boats. Park a new low car parallel to a high curb and the wide door goes aground on the sidewalk when opened. Pull it into a parking place at an angle to the

curb and, if there are other cars close alongside, you can't open the wide door far enough to get out.

The rear window, which was rapidly becoming useful only for celestial navigation, is functional again. Some designers are starting to lower and round down the hood instead of extending it, to raise the driver in his seat instead of dropping him lower. This lets the operator see more of the territory directly in front of him, really a safety advantage.

There is also another group of more serious complaints, involving things that the designers have not done.

Most frequently heard is the charge that engines should be moved to the rear, where they were in the auto's infancy. Among the advantages: a more efficient power plant, better traction and less skidding, better visibility for the driver.

Passengers and pedestrians would suffer fewer cuts and bruises if all dashboards and other surfaces were crash padded, if door and window controls were flush, if projecting edges on the exterior were eliminated. Shock-absorber bumpers and steering columns would mean fewer injuries, as would windshield panels that push out, instead of fighting back when struck by a forehead. Cars could have more framing, particularly over the top, and headlight glare could be reduced by polaroid glass or lights beamed down from the front corners of the roof.

The auto industry, strangely enough, has not been rocked to its foundations

by all this hullabaloo. Though it is undoubtedly vulnerable at many points, and has backtracked here and there, the industry defends itself with considerable logic. It has had long experience in studying its markets.

The main reason that the postwar automobile is what it is lies in the fact that autos are turned out by a mass-production industry. They must be built to satisfy a wide divergency of tastes and pocketbooks. Auto designers explain that their product must offer a blend of five things: safety, performance, convenience, comfort, appearance. Emphasize any one too heavily at the expense of the others and the car doesn't sell.

There are other problems, too. One is the cost of some worthy improvements. Another is disagreement among engineers. Many auto men, for instance, claim that rear engines are not a good idea until some important mechanical and weight-distribution problems have been licked.

One additional point is that the industry thinks it is risky to rely too heavily on what you, as a customer, say you want. "If you dislike wide cars so much, why do you demand roomier seats?" they inquire. Or take these examples:

Maybe you are one of many who say there is too much chrome plastered all over the new cars. If so, the men who make them view you with suspicion. Chances are, they claim, you would pass up any sober model in favor of a chrome-heavy model when it came to actual buying.

Maybe you think cars should be built primarily for safety. They ought to be, auto men agree. But they go on to say that their product is fundamentally safe already. Beyond that, they argue they cannot build cars you ought to buy but cars you can and will buy. Suppose, for instance, the maker of Exotic 8's decides he will build nothing but the safest car possible. Immediately he would stop making convertibles. Would convertible fans thereupon say, "How right you are—give me a two-door sedan"? They would not. They would go next door and buy a Whizzwhip convertible.

What about tomorrow's car? This much is certain: There will be no big and sudden changes. New cars will continue to be "old-fashioned" for a while yet.

The first engineering developments you are likely to notice will be perfected no-shift transmissions and high-compression engines as standard equipment. Body-and-frame construction will get sturdier.

In styling, the upcoming models are likely to taper off some recent ex-

cesses. Bloated exterior and roomy interior may be compromised. Fenders will be easier to replace, hoods easier to see over. At least one stylist has predicted a swing to simple, severe lines, as opposed to what he calls "blubber" styling.

Changes, as in the past, will come fast enough to make you feel like a country cousin if you drive a three-year-old car—slowly enough to keep pace with the conservative buying habits of American car owners.

A good many years from now you may be buzzing around in something that looks like the "car of the future." It will be powered directly and economically by a light engine in the rear. It will feature smooth and simple lines, plenty of room inside, and a lot of glass or plastic equivalent. It will include many of the safety "extras" listed above. It will resemble not a V-2 rocket but a small, moderately streamlined bus.

In the meantime, don't worry too much about the fact that such a vehicle is not on the market yet. If it were, you probably wouldn't buy it.



Lucky Woman

A GROUP of colored men were discussing wives after a church gathering one night. They said to one of their number, "You got one of the best wives in the whole parish, Joe. You certainly are a lucky man."

"No, suh, I ain't lucky!" Joe disagreed.

"What do you mean, you ain't lucky? Your wife is a wonderful woman, isn't she?"

"Yeah," admitted Joe, "I know I got the best wife a man could have. But I didn't get her by luck. I prayed for her!"

Joe Beckman in the *Victorian* (May '49).



Ancient mariner

Winged Wonder of the Sea

By J. L. FORSTER

Condensed from the *Cross**

NO BIRD is more closely linked with the lore of the sea than the great wandering albatross. Some sailors believe that the albatross possesses an unnatural power: it seems to fly without moving its wings. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, one of the most haunting poems in English, was inspired by the albatross and the sailors' superstition.

There are many species. Most of them like tropic seas, but some are found as far north as Alaska. They are the largest of all water birds with the mightiest wing spread of the entire bird kingdom, sometimes 17 feet. It attains a length of four feet, but its body is remarkably light, weighing about 25 pounds.

The feathers of both sexes are white with wavy black lines, and very thick. The wing feathers are dark, and black tipped. The three front toes of their large feet are webbed; the hind toe is small.

During the nesting season the albatross haunts barren Antarctic islands like Tristan da Cunha. The female lays her egg on the bare sand. When the youngster is hatched the parents

tend it until it is able to fend for itself.

The Tristan da Cunha inhabitants, though daring fishermen, have little respect for the tradition which regards the albatross as sacred. The birds are killed in great numbers and their skins are used to make pocket books, handbags and novelties. These are sold to passengers on ships that call in normal times. In the days of sail the shellbacks said that this slaughter was responsible for gales and food shortages that often afflicted the ocean outpost.

The bird's large, strong beak ends in a hook. It feeds on fish and offal, and sometimes when gorged it is unable to fly. It lights on the water only to snatch a fish or some piece of refuse cast from a ship.

Light of body, narrow of wing, with great living sails or propellers, the albatross is never voluntarily long upon the surface of the sea, and perhaps its hardest task is rising again into the sky. It does not raise itself by jumping into the air and vibrating its wings as smaller birds do. Instead, it spreads its wings and runs along the surface of the water for 70 to 80 yards, exactly the way a plane taxis.

The albatross can fly hundreds of miles with the fastest steamer, sailing around the vessel with astonishing skill. Early mariners declared that it flew for days without a flicker of its wings, and its flight is still the marvel and despair of engineers who have built mechanical means of flying. But what has been learned is helpful.

Nature has endowed the albatross with an unmatched mastery of the art of conserving energy, but only in recent years has science been able to reveal the secret of it. The camera, by recording what the eye is unable to see, has shown that the albatross adjusts its great wings just as the airman balances a plane. Scientists say that

the secret of the albatross lies in the effect of wind on waves. Each wave presents a curved surface to the wind, and a continual series of "upwinds" is created. The albatross merely glides from one upwind to the next, receiving support from each.

Another achievement is the way an albatross follows a steamer at the same distance and always at the same height. In this case the bird is too high for upwinds. As a steamer moves forward a partial vacuum is created behind. Air rushes in to fill it, the scientist says. The lazy albatross allows itself to be pulled along. Man has a lot to learn, even yet, about flight from this ocean wonder on wings.

Flights of Fancy

A train's flying scarf of smoke.

Michael McLaverty

Fuzzy faces of pussy willows
sniffing at the wind. Eddie Doherty

A face as brown and rugged as
an Idaho potato. Percy Keller

Tugboats nuzzling the liner
like suckling pigs. John S. Sharnik

By now his huff had arrived,
and he went off on it.

Alexander Woolcott

Huge cauliflowers of smoke.

Michael McLaverty

Lips zipped straight across his
face. Joseph O'Connor

Quiet as a quarry on Sunday.

Alban Stolz

Gossip: a grapevine that grows
only sour grapes. Aunt Stella

The conversation was left
stranded on a hush.

Francis*Thompson

As even as a third set of teeth.

The moon flew through clouds
like a trapeze artist. Crosbie Garstin

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Loveliest Book in the World

By RICHARD C. STONE

Condensed from the *Southern Cross**



BOOKS at Trinity college, Dublin, include what has often been spoken of as "the loveliest book in the world," the glorious Book of Kells. Among the most precious possessions of Christian civilization are ancient illuminated manuscripts like this which have come down from medieval days. They were the work of monks, who set no limit to the loving and laborious care they spent on them. The manuscripts are sold for money from time to time, but intrinsically they are priceless, for men will not see their like again.

When we see one of those venerable Gospels, psalters, or books of Hours, we marvel at its wonderful colors and intricate design. With all our 20th-century achievement in the art of printing and of reproducing pictures, our own best-illustrated books seem hardly fit to stand beside those shining glories of the Middle Ages.

The monasteries were largely the source of illuminated manuscripts, and the great houses had writing rooms where the monks or hired professional scribes were provided with materials for copying books. The im-

portance of that work cannot be overestimated, for monasticism was certainly the strongest civilizing force in medieval Europe.

Accidental discoveries and research have enabled us to picture how those craftsmen worked. They had no steel pens, but used the quills of birds—geese, swans, and crows among them. Their parchment was made from the skins of goats and calves, beaten very thin and then polished. This was known as vellum and was very costly. In the 13th century they began using paper instead and thus reduced the cost of making manuscripts and books. It was the introduction of printing that led to the decay of the art.

The craft of vellum painting spread with the growth of the monastic system, and it was widely taken up in England, Ireland, France, Germany, and Flanders. Gospels, books of Hours, psalters, and missals were all produced with the same loving care, many taking years to complete. Such books were made not only for the monks themselves, but were sold as well. Their production was, inevitably, very costly.

The most striking characteristic of the manuscripts is their glorious coloring. An illuminated manuscript is

literally "lighted up," and radiant colors run riot in its pages. Often the coloring is as fresh today as it was when it was first laid on—in some cases nearly 1,000 years ago. Sharp blacks, vivid crimsons, blues and greens abound, and look nearly new. The colors were made from natural substances by the scribes themselves. Black came from lampblack or fish bones, red from realgar, green from malachite, blue from lapis-lazuli, and reddish-purple from finely ground glass mixed with gold dust.

Another striking characteristic of the ancient manuscripts is their naturalness. Birds, animals, vine tendrils, and innumerable strands of ornament are all delightfully and artlessly intermixed.

They are sometimes amazingly minute. It is nearly impossible to imagine how a person could have produced such microscopic work as can be seen in the Book of Kells. With the aid of a lens, 158 interlacements, each one a strip of white bordered on both sides by a black line, have been counted on one page in the space of an inch. Time, even the terrible eyestrain, did not count with those old-time artists. They were absorbed in work for the glory of God. The Book of Kells is one of the most precious of all the

illuminated manuscripts, and it was preserved almost miraculously from destruction. It takes its name from a little town in County Meath, although it is really a copy of the Gospels, known as the Gospel of Columbkille. The book is thought to have been produced in the 9th century.

The Abbey of Kells was sacked and pillaged by pirates and Dane invaders eight times between the years 600 and 1,000 A.D. It is recorded that on one occasion the manuscript was stolen, but that it was found after "20 months and two nights" hidden under a rock, all its jewels and its exquisitely worked binding torn from it.

Yet so innumerable were its beauties that even having been despoiled it is still recognized as the finest example of early Christian art of its kind. Its fame was great even in Saxon days, and it is thought that the historian Giraldus Cambrensis was speaking of it when he wrote in the 12th century: "Of all the wonders of Kildare I found nothing more wonderful than that marvelous book written in the time of the Virgin St. Brigid and, as they say, at the dictation of an angel. The more frequently I behold it, the more diligently I examine it, the more numerous are the beauties that I discover in it."



Oops!

THE awkward age is not so much the age at which a person bumps into things as it is the age at which a person doesn't know what he is bumping into.

Aunt Stella in the Milwaukee Newman Club *Bulletin* (5 May '49).

Sniffles, sneezes and death



What Are You Allergic To?

By HARRY SWARTZ, M.D.

Excerpts from a book*



IN THE summer of 1931, at the beginning of my junior year in medical school, I signed up for an elective course called Allergy. The word was new to me; I had heard only vague whispers of it here and there. My first day in the clinic, an 18-month-old boy with severe eczema was brought in by his mother. Our teacher, who at that time was the entire allergy department, showed me the scratch test. I held the baby face down on an examining table. The doctor washed his back with alcohol; then, with a sterile broken pen point, he made a small scratch near the base of the baby's spine. Into this scratch he rubbed a tiny drop of ordinary cow's milk. In rows up and down the back he made other scratches and rubbed into them small quantities of other food extracts. But my eyes were focused on the first test with milk, because almost at once a small area of redness appeared there, and then a swelling. As the doctor went on with the test, the swelling began to grow. I could actually watch the swelling extend irregularly in all directions. It was the size of a dime at first, then a half dollar, then an

adult palm, and finally it covered the back. It was an unbelievable sight. And then the little boy's chest began to heave. His breathing became noisy and labored. We turned him over quickly and gave him adrenalin. There was little effect at first. His lips began to turn blue, and convulsive movements shook his arms and legs. After a half hour's labor, the sweat pouring down the doctor's face, and my own lips dry as sand, the little boy came back to normal.

Through the rest of my training this experience haunted me. A drop of milk. Ordinary milk we all drink. It had almost killed the child. Why?

"Allergy" means a reaction against something, a mysterious cause. It is this mystery that has grasped people's imagination and held it. It is for this reason, too, that allergy has taken on an aspect of the humorous. People say, "He's allergic to work," "I'm allergic to my wife," "They're allergic to good music." The unknown is often given a funny twist, as though that could make it lose its threat.

Yet for many millions in this country there is nothing funny about al-

*Allergy: What It Is and What To Do About It. Copyright, 1949, by the Trustees of Rutgers College. Reprinted with permission of Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, N. J.

lergy. Their health, their very lives may be attacked by it. They may find it necessary to change their work or place of residence because of it. They can be made total invalids by allergy. It can make life a constant misery.

Even the persons who suffer from allergy often do not know the cause of their suffering. No class of people have been more avid victims of popular "cures." Recently when several drugs were given a fanfare by newspapers throughout the country as cures for allergy, pharmacy shelves were swept bare in a few days.

It is not safe to believe that a person will never suffer from allergy because he has escaped it to date. There is a growing conviction among doctors doing allergy research that the allergic reaction is common to all persons and differs in each only in degree.

One out of every ten persons in the U. S. suffers from some major form of allergy. One out of every two may at some time have a minor form. And yet allergy is one of the newest fields of medicine. A great deal is still to be learned. Despite newspaper and magazine articles and a handful of popular books, few of its basic concepts have reached the public, and misconceptions are constantly repeated.

Because protein is found only in living things, scientists at one time worked on the idea that whatever brought on an allergic reaction must be protein in nature. They named such substances *allergens*. Common examples of allergens are dust, cat hair, dog hair, horse hair, cow hair, wool, to-

bacco, feathers, glue, insecticide, pollen, meats, eggs, fish, cereals, spices, beverages, nuts, vegetables, fruits, insect bites, serum, bacteria, and fungi. These are all either living material or are taken from it. Even house dust is derived from life: it comes from the wood and fabric of the furniture, the vegetables in the vegetable bin, the carpeting, the plants.

About 1900, certain allergic conditions were noticed, apparently produced by simple drugs that had no bad effects on most persons. On the few thus affected, the drugs seemed to produce skin rashes, hives, asthma and, sometimes, sudden death. But the drugs (quinine, iodoform, and certain arsenicals then commonly used) had no trace of protein. How could a simple substance like iodoform alone cause the symptoms of allergy? The answer researcher Landsteiner gave was the same as the guess made by Wolff-Eisner years before: the simple chemical on entering the body was immediately linked with the protein of the blood or tissue fluid and it was that combination that caused the trouble.

A great variety of drugs, simple and complex, have been the cause of allergic reactions. Aspirin, pyramidon, codeine, morphine, quinine, gold salts, barbiturates, sulfa drugs, penicillin, streptomycin and many others are reported in medical literature. Theoretically any drug may cause one or a combination of the common allergies and the reactions may vary from a mild itch to sudden death. Ironically,

those drugs used for allergic complaints—ephedrine, adrenalin and, more recently, the antihistaminics such as benadryl and pyribenzamine—have also been known to produce allergic symptoms.

In 1933, following enthusiastic use of pyramidon throughout the country, many people fell ill with a new disease found later to be due to an allergic response to the drug. The condition, named "agranulocytosis," is characterized by a sharp decrease in number, often to the point of death, of a certain type of white blood cell. Later, allergy to many other drugs was found to result in the same disease.

The way allergy works is best seen in contact dermatitis. No rash appears at first contact with the offending substance. But after an interval a second contact will result in symptoms. Contact dermatitis commonly comes from poison ivy. Poison oak, primrose, and Chinese lacquer are next on the list of causes.

Simple chemicals used in fur, leather, fabric dyes, soaps, photo developers, rubber compounds, insecticides, rosin, waxes and a host of other materials also may bring on a dermatitis on sufficient contact. Any cosmetic—lipstick, face powder, rouge, eye shadow, fingernail polish—can be responsible. Drugs also, when in contact with the skin in salves, unctions, soaps, and powders, may cause contact dermatitis.

Contact dermatitis may be mild or severe, long or short in duration. In its early stages, the skin area affected may show what the offending ma-

terial is. Frequently, however, if the condition persists it may spread over the entire body. The rash due to lip rouge will usually start on the lips or the corners of the mouth; unchecked, it may spread and cover the whole face. On the other hand, the area where the rash begins is often deceptive. The most common site of fingernail polish dermatitis is the area about the eyes and lids, because women rub their eyelids often.

By the early 20's it was proved that the offending agents could be from either living things or inorganic things. They could produce their effects by simple contact, by being inhaled, eaten or injected, or by infection; they could be gaseous, liquid or solid. Practically any substance might be suspect.

All inclusive as this might seem, there were still important causes of allergic reaction that were not even thought of. These were temperature, light, wind, and the energy (not the material) of injury. By 1924 W. W. Duke had collected a large series of cases. At first there was great resistance to the startling idea. But the growing experience of allergists all over the country gradually overcame it. Today the idea of physical allergy is generally accepted. How such allergic symptoms are brought on is still a matter of discussion, but that they do occur rather frequently can be attested to by any practicing allergist.

For instance: a man in his mid-30's suddenly noticed swellings on his hands, forearm, neck, and face. It was

summer, and he had been out in the sun for several hours, hat off and sleeves rolled above his elbows. The swellings, irregular, red, and itchy, had never occurred before, and when he returned to the shade indoors they gradually disappeared. Throughout the summer, the symptoms recurred after shorter and shorter exposure to the sun. By the end of that season, less than 30 minutes of sunlight would produce the swellings.

The winter sun did not bother the patient. But before the middle of the second summer it was impossible for him to stay even a few minutes in direct sunlight without getting huge areas of swelling, redness, and itch. He began to wear gloves and a large sombrero and to avoid direct sunlight entirely. As the years went by he began to experience symptoms on his body where the sun had penetrated his clothing. He finally came to the attention of an allergist when so large an area of his body was involved that he lost consciousness.

Test was made with the routine allergens but the patient responded to none of them. Then, small areas of his body were tested with various parts of the sun's spectrum. He showed the typical allergic reaction of hive redness and itching at the site exposed to ultraviolet light, no reaction to infrared light, and a weak reaction to a mixture of the two.

A typical case of hives was exhibited by an adolescent boy when he moved to a hilly section on the river front just outside town. It was late fall

when his family moved to the new house and close questioning showed that the boy first noticed his symptoms when walking downhill into a cold wind. It was only when the wind was cold and after he had been in it for five minutes that the symptoms came. Shortly after the first symptoms he began to complain of pain in his mouth, throat, and stomach after drinking cold water. Once when the temperature out of doors was very low he fell into a deep coma and was revived only with great difficulty.

These are examples of physical allergy by contact. In such cases either the skin or the mucous membrane of mouth, nose or intestinal tract comes into contact with the physical agent, heat, light, cold, injury or burns, and local symptoms result. When general symptoms such as shock occur they are due to a very large local reaction.

Physical allergy undoubtedly occurs in combination with other types, for certain asthmatics seem to be affected by wind, cold, heat or exertion. There is no clue in the symptoms of an asthmatic attack to point out its cause. The symptoms are the same whether the offender is ultraviolet light, chicken feathers, aspirin, insect bites or bacteria.

In any allergic condition, the mucous lining of the organ swells and the symptoms are the result of that swelling. This is what causes the mucous membrane to swell. It and the skin have a rich network of very fine blood vessels just beneath their surface. The network brings food and oxygen to

the surface cells and carries away carbon dioxide and waste products. The smallest blood vessels, called capillaries, have walls only one cell thick. Leading into this spidery mesh is a network of slightly larger vessels, known as arterioles, that bring the blood to the capillaries; leading out is a network of venules, or small veins, carrying blood from the capillaries.

Normally this whole system shifts the blood from one area to another, depending on the needs of the particular area. During an allergic reaction such as hives the vessels act out of turn. First the capillaries widen greatly and too much blood finds its way into them. At the same time, the walls of the vessels get porous and the fluid part of the blood seeps through into the near-by tissue, causing the swelling. Then the capillaries contract tightly, making the whiteness of the hive. The blood that has been rushing into the capillaries is now forced back into the arterioles. These in turn swell with blood and the area around the hive blushes red. There is no swelling in the zone of redness because the arteriole walls do not let the blood seep out. Normally, inert histamine is present in nearly every cell of the body. But when a cell is injured, histamine is set free. It dilates the capillaries and makes them porous. In effect it brings a sudden and great flow of blood to the injured cells to repair them.

In severe injuries, such as large burns, so much histamine is released that it finds its way into the general circulation, and capillaries all over the

body are affected. Fluids seep through them into surrounding tissue in such quantity that consciousness is lost and often death results.

An "allergic" person is one whose cells liberate more histamine than cells of a normal person do.

On this basis it may be concluded that even emotions may cause allergic reactions. Although there are many investigators in the field who will deny this statement vehemently, the clinical experience of many others pretty well establishes its truth. Warren T. Vaughan reports the case of a woman who was definitely allergic to watermelon. Every time she ate watermelon, she reacted with nausea, vomiting, and abdominal cramps. She could not stand even the sight of the fruit. Finally, whenever she entered a dining room where watermelon was being served, the sight of the melon on the table caused her to become nauseated, vomit, and have abdominal cramps.

Widal, many years ago, was taking care of a woman who thought her asthma was caused by roses. He persuaded her to smell a rose one day and she developed severe asthmatic symptoms. She did not know that the rose Widal offered her was an artificial one.

Certain asthmatic children will have asthmatic attacks in situations where other children would have temper tantrums. The children are below the age of planned thinking; they are not pretending. The attacks are expressions of rage or frustration, fear or jealousy, anxiety or insecurity.

A patient's first visit to an allergist

is likely to be a long one. The allergist will try to relate the symptoms to time of year, month, and day, to find out the exact time of onset of the symptom, to learn all the circumstances surrounding it. He will ask about the home, furniture, bedding, floor and wall coverings. He will ask about recent illnesses, injections, exposure to sun, heat, cold; changes of clothing, diet, and residence. The patient's family background, allergic and emotional, his present friendship or enmity toward members of his family, co-workers, friends will be investigated.

The next visit may be for a complete physical examination to make sure the symptoms are really allergic. Finally, the patient gets a combination of skin tests, tests on mucous membrane, inhalation tests and patch tests. Elimination diets or clinical trial with a suspected substance may also be given.

From the data given by the case history and tests, a plan is laid out for the patient. It removes from his environment, where possible, everything to which he is found allergic. He must avoid foods to which he has been found allergic.

The plan may include sinus surgery, or removal of teeth or tonsils harboring bacteria to which the patient is sensitive. Masks, flue filters, air conditioning machines, gloves and special clothing may be suggested to help eliminate the offending agents. Even psychotherapy may be advised for the emotional patient.

When the patient can't avoid the cause of his allergy, hyposensitization

is used. The best example of successful hyposensitization is the treatment of simple, uncomplicated hay fever due to ragweed pollen. An extract of ragweed pollen is injected at regular intervals, usually four to seven days. Increase in the dosage depends on the reaction of the patient. Very mild or no symptoms during the season indicates the best dose has been reached, at which time the interval between injections is increased. The "blocking substance" built up in the blood stream theoretically stands between the inhaled ragweed pollen and the ragweed reagin, which is attached to the cells of the nose, and prevents their merging. As a result, the cells in the nasal mucosa are not injured, histamine is not released, dilation and swelling do not appear, and the symptoms of hay fever do not occur. Drugs are used as little as possible in the treatment of allergy because they mask the effect of specific treatment and because the patient is often allergic to the very drug prescribed.

No drug has yet been found that will keep the reaction of the sensitized cell within normal limits and so no sure cure for allergy exists today. It seems improbable that a single drug will be found to solve the whole problem of allergy. It is more likely that the solution will come through an entirely new system and a completely re-oriented attitude toward medicine as a whole. In the meantime, in hospitals, laboratories, offices, in a thousand places on earth, research goes on and hope is ever present.

Fresh-Water Monsters

By BARNEY PETERS

Condensed from the
*American Legion Magazine**



WHAT is the biggest fish in American fresh water? The muskellunge? People in certain localities would laugh at any such claim. About 1914 an unnamed fisherman caught a muskie in Intermediate lake, Michigan, weighing 110 pounds and measuring 7' 4". The biggest *authenticated* muskie ever taken with rod and reel was caught in Faval lake, Wisconsin, on May 17, 1947. It weighed 64 pounds, eight ounces.

Lake trout run heavier. The biggest authenticated lake trout weighed 68½ pounds, and was taken in Lake Superior off Munising, Mich., in November, 1937, by Fred Matson of Detroit. A lake trout *said* to have weighed 88 pounds was caught at Grand Haven in Lake Michigan in 1864.

Folks along the Mississippi and its connecting rivers and lakes know of catfish much larger. I have heard many tales of blue catfish weighing 150 pounds, even 200. However, the best a six months' search for an authentic record turned up was a 110-pound flathead catfish, found in Lake Lawtonka, Comanche county, Oklahoma, when the lake was drained

about 1938. Cats probably run larger, but authentic records are hard to find.

Ever hear of the paddlefish? Harry Tennant, taxidermist of Arnolds Park, Iowa, mounted a paddlefish taken from West Okoboji lake weighing "nearly 200 pounds," according to E. B. Speaker of the Iowa State Conservation commission. That puts the sluggish paddlefish ahead of the largest known chinook salmon (which lives only part of its life in fresh water). A chinook taken in a fish trap at Point Colpoys, Alaska, weighed 126 pounds and was 53" long. It is now mounted and on display at Petersburg, Alaska. The rod-and-reel chinook record is 83 pounds.

At this point in our story residents of the delta and bayou country are laughing up their sleeves. They know of the enormous alligator gar, which lives entirely in fresh water, and is sometimes landed with the help of horses. This voracious fish has fearsome rows of sharp teeth. E. W. Gudger, fish expert of the American Museum of Natural History, says that E. A. McIlhenny, of Avery Island, La., measured 50 alligator gars in a nearly dry lake during the drought of 1925

and found 30 of them over seven feet long! But the largest was taken at Belle Island lake, Vermilion parish, Louisiana. It was 9' 8½" long, weighed—hold on—302 pounds, and was witnessed by McIlhenny. Natives of the lower Mississippi country say gars come even bigger.

Now, don't jump to conclusions. On June 29, 1929, Frank Lapointe found a big lake sturgeon in his commercial pound net, at Batchewana bay, Lake Superior. It weighed 310 pounds! Batchewana bay is in Canadian waters, but on July 3, 1943, Gordon Peters found an injured lake sturgeon in U. S. waters of Lake Michigan near Benton Harbor, Mich., and field officers of the Michigan Department of Conservation verified that it, too, weighed 310 pounds. It was 7' 11" long.

There you have the biggest known fish residing *wholly* in American fresh water of which we could find a reliable record in a six months' search: a 302-pound alligator gar and a 310-pound lake sturgeon. Their weights are so similar that among the unrecorded or uncaught lake sturgeons and gars the honor of being the heaviest may be a tie.

Even the gars and lake sturgeons are minnows beside another leviathan. The biggest fish to be found living part of its life in American fresh water is neither muskie, catfish, paddlefish, salmon, gar nor lake sturgeon. It is by all odds, the enormous Oregon

sturgeon. Here is a monster which, like the salmon, spends part of its life at sea, but spawns in rivers of the Pacific Northwest. Nevertheless this is not the same as a deep-sea fish being taken at the mouth of a river. Idaho, shut off from the sea by the full width of Oregon and Washington, has produced an Oregon sturgeon weighing half a ton (Snake River, 1911). In 1912 one such fish was rolled up in a salmon net in the Columbia river, near Vancouver, Wash. It was 12½' long, weighed 1,285 pounds: this is thoroughly attested! The Oregon Fish and Game commission says that, though they keep no official records, the largest Oregon sturgeon in their book was reported to weigh 1,500 pounds, and was taken from the Snake river around 1925. But the granddaddy of them all may have been an Oregon sturgeon which, by several accounts, was caught near Astoria, Oreg., in 1892.

This old fellow was the largest fish ever to be taken in U. S. fresh water. It weighed 2,000 pounds by one account and 1,900 by another, and is supposed to have been mounted and exhibited at the World Columbian exposition in Chicago in 1893. However, all stories of this monster are second-hand or further removed. The Bonneville dam and other modern works of man are against the Oregon sturgeon, and today you catch a big one at 500 pounds.

❖

WHEN success turns a person's head, he is facing failure.

Aunt Stella in the Milwaukee Newman Club *Bulletin* (28 April '49).

To Jesus through Mary

Marist Brothers of the Schools

By BROTHER LAWRENCE EPHREM, F.M.S.

Condensed from the pamphlet *Follow Christ**

IN 1817, Venerable Marcellin Champagnat laid the foundation of the institute of the Marist Brothers of the Schools. Today, the Brothers number more than 10,000, and are increasing. The Marists have furnished to the Church teachers and missionaries. In Spain alone, 169 Brothers were massacred during the 1936 civil war. The Marist martyrology also has records from China, the South Pacific, Oceania, and Mexico.

The spirit of Father Champagnat, his motto throughout life, and the rule of all his conduct, was "to go to Jesus through Mary." He made his institute entirely dependent on the Blessed Virgin.

This love for the Blessed Virgin is all important for the Marist Brothers of the Schools. On rising in the morning the Brothers' first prayer is praise of Jesus and Mary: "*Laudetur Jesus Christus! Et Maria mater ejus!*" This, the Marist salutation, calls the Brothers from their rest and invites them to spend another day in the service of Jesus and Mary. Their last prayer before going to rest, which "they take to renew their strength in order to serve Jesus and His blessed Mother



more faithfully on the morrow," is one of petition to our Lady, in the beautiful hymn of St. Bernard, the *Salve Regina* (Hail Holy Queen). This love song has been sung throughout the centuries by the servants of Mary; it is the Marists' good-night to their

Lady. Father Champagnat held that devotion to the Blessed Virgin in a young man was a sign of a Marist vocation.

The Congregation of the Marist Brothers of the Schools, as the name implies, is essentially a teaching body. "The secondary end of the institute is to procure the salvation of souls by the Christian instruction and education of children."

In 1886, the Brothers came to the U.S. and opened schools in New York City. Now they have schools in New York State, Massachusetts, West Virginia, Illinois, Georgia, Texas, and Washington, D. C. There are more than 300 Brothers in the U.S.

The Marist Brothers are Religious with the three simple vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. They live under a rule approved by the Holy See emphasizing early rising, meditation, Mass, Office of the Bless-

ed Virgin, Rosary, examination of conscience, and the Angelus.

The Marist Brothers are life-long students. They follow college and university studies, either in the U. S. or abroad. They become specialists in their field, and often become recognized authorities in some field of education. They spend long hours in the library and laboratory preparing for their profession. Their field of teaching includes primary grades, high school, college and university.

When young men reach high-school age they may enter the juniorate. In this, the first stage of their formation, they go through their high-school studies. Even at this stage their aim is to become Marist teachers. They receive sound religious instruction, study and practice the devotions to our Lady which are peculiar to the Marists. They recite Vespers and Compline in community. Little by little they are introduced into the Marist family. Their recreation takes the form of organized games, such as baseball, basketball, swimming, boating, hiking, and picnicking. They are allowed to spend the summer months at home. This training in the juniorate lasts from one to four years, depending upon previous education. The juniorates are located in Tynsboro, Mass., and Esopus, N. Y.

After completing their juniorate, they go to St. Ann's Hermitage, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Young men with high-school or college education may be admitted directly into the noviti-

ate. Here in solitude and prayer, they receive their religious formation. They study the Constitutions and the Rules of the Congregation; the obligations entailed by the three vows of Religion; say the Office of the Blessed Virgin in common; and finally, are trained in the Marist spirit and traditions. At the end of two years they make a ten-day retreat and pronounce first vows.

The postulants are vested in the habit after six months of postulanship, on July 26, the feast of St. Ann, mother of the Blessed Virgin, who is patroness of the New York province.

As professed Religious they pursue their studies in the scholasticate, which offers four years of college. Here they receive their immediate training as Marist teachers. The *School Guide*, the Marist book of methods, is thoroughly studied and practiced.

The institute of the Marist Brothers of the Schools is governed by a Brother superior general, who resides at the motherhouse in Rome. The institute is divided into provinces, now 43, each with its own provincial superior, and each house is governed by a Brother director, or local superior.

The habit consists of a black cassock, a white rabat, a woolen cord, and a brass crucifix. Outside of their Religious house, the Brothers wear a black suit and the Roman collar.

Those wishing more information about the Brothers may address Rev. Brother Aidan Francis, F.M.S., 156 E. 38th St., New York City, or Rev. Brother Francis Regis, F.M.S., St. Joseph's Juniorate, Tynsboro, Mass.

1949'ers



Uranium Rush

By GEORGE MANN

Condensed from the *Rotarian**

A 62-YEAR-OLD California rancher found himself plumped right down in the middle of the Atomic Age last August. Albert Marshall decided he was "sick and tired of them cows" on his 300 acres near Beaumont. He took a home-study course in mining engineering, and set out with pick and a shovel to look for gold. He found none. But when the assay of his ores revealed traces of heavy, nickel-white uranium, it started a fever as contagious as the gold fever that drew thousands to California 100 years ago.

Uranium is the "Cinderella metal." Before the 2nd World War it had slight value. Since it has become the main source of atomic energy, however, it has zoomed to fabulous values. A ton of the best ore is worth \$1,500, about 45 times what good gold ore will bring. And the U. S. government is offering a bonus of \$10,000 for the first 20 tons of reasonably rich ore resulting from any single strike.

With such a prize dangling before them, prospectors are combing America's West as never before. Burros are too slow. Uranium searchers travel in jeeps and trucks, or fly. Some are griz-

zled desert rats; some are college youngsters, their heads stuffed with latest facts of physics and geology. In the eyes of all is the old glint, and in their packs along with shovels and picks is a strange device, a boxlike affair easily carried in one hand, known as a Geiger counter.

It, too, is a product of the Atomic Age. "Clicks" register the radioactivity of near-by materials. It is not fool-proof, however, for ever-present cosmic rays, and sometimes local conditions, give off clicks, too. These must be known, and unless the Geiger counter clicks three or four times as fast as normal conditions warrant, the material being tested is of little interest as a source of uranium.

Even last summer the Atomic Energy commission laboratories in New York City were getting an average of ten samples a day. Some of the samples come from naïve amateurs. One was a piece of concrete to be tested "because it felt hot"; another was a stone picked up in a field after a meteor flamed across the sky. Still, a great many of the prospectors know their business. All they need is luck.

Uranium is found in 100-odd minerals, but only a few are commercially important. In the U. S., carnotite leads

the list. It is yellowish, and found in many places in Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming. Gold prospectors formerly cursed it because it got in their way. But not any more.

Pitchblende is a far richer source of uranium. Some Belgian Congo pitchblende is half uranium; Colorado carnotite has only .27%. This ore is dark, blackish, or greenish brown. Last September an entirely new uranium mineral turned up in the Belgian Congo. Called sengierite, it is a brilliant emerald green.

A good deal of America's wartime uranium came from wastes dumped out of radium and vanadium mines. When the atomic bomb was in the making, government prospectors sampled this mineral refuse in Colorado and at Canada's Eldorado mine at Great Bear lake. Up to then it hadn't paid to remove the uranium, which was considered mostly useful in coloring glass and pottery.

A year ago in Oslo, Norway, Harvard university's famed geologist Kirtley F. Mather told a group of young people, "There is a sheet of paper in Washington, D. C., that is top secret. For on it are listed not only all the important deposits of uranium in the world, but, more important, how much, almost to a pound." He added, "There are only about 25 places in the world where uranium occurs, and most of those places are less than a mile square." But if one-tenth of the recent reports about uranium strikes are true, they'll have to enlarge that sheet of paper in Washington—and

leave plenty of blank spaces on it, too.

Strictly speaking, uranium isn't too scarce. It has been located in some quantity on every continent, in nearly every country. Uranium is four times as common as lead, 1,000 times as common as gold. There's more uranium in the earth's crust than there is iodine, mercury, or silver. And uranium is almost as common as copper.

Where is the U. S. in the global race for uranium? The answer is in Professor Mather's locked-up paper in Washington, but it would appear that Uncle Sam is doing all right so far.

One of the four big uranium sources in the world, known to scientists, is the Colorado-Utah area, which spills into surrounding states. Recently the U. S. Atomic Energy commission put up "No Trespassing" signs on more than 100 square miles of public lands in Grand county, Utah, and Mesa and San Miguel counties in Colorado.

A center of uranium excitement is the town of Durango, Colo., its former population of 8,500 swelling daily. A little to the north, uranium has made a minor tycoon out of F. A. Sitton, who doubles as mayor of Dove Creek and owner of its only hardware store. He has 200 claims staked out in nearby parts of Colorado and Utah.

A nine-mile-square area in the Red desert, northwest of Rawlins, Wyo., may come to the fore. If it pans out, two lawyers, Kenneth Robinson and Walter Byron, will have stumbled on uranium ores so near the surface they can be mined by power shovel and bulldozer. Hope and disappointment

have stirred this area since 1910, when Madame Curie said that samples of the ore weren't rich enough to bother with.

Canada is in the race, too. Thirty government searchers were sent out last year to swell the ranks of free-lance prospectors ranging its wilderness, east-west, north-south. Their bible is the government-issued *Prospector's Guide for Uranium and Thorium Minerals in Canada*.

The Eldorado mine at Great Bear lake, nudging the Arctic circle, is rich in pitchblende—and second-biggest source of uranium in the world. A strike has been reported to the south at Great Slave lake. At Cobalt, on the Ontario-Quebec border, a uranium rush has accentuated an already hectic search for silver, and the copper-zinc region around Flin Flon, on the Manitoba-Saskatchewan border, is reporting rich strikes. Herb lake, Lake la Ronge, Haliburton, Ontario, Vancouver, and Lake Superior are names bobbing up in the uranium-mining epic now being enacted in the Dominion.

Arvid Thunaes, chief of the radioactive division of Canada's Bureau of Mines, thinks his country is well on the way to overtake the Belgian Congo as No. 1 producer of the fabulous metal, if, indeed, it has not already done so.

The Belgians are contentedly doing a several-million-dollar-a-year business selling uranium to the U. S., not counting what they dispose of to other customers. Their biggest mines are in the

Katanga section of the Congo, near Shinkolobwe. Agents of the *Union Minière du Haut Katanga* discovered the sengierite and opened up new hopes for the riches of the Congo. As an ironic footnote, sengierite is much like a mineral with the tongue-twisting name of tyuyamunite that's found within the tight-sealed borders of Russian Turkestan.

Which brings us to the question: How much uranium is there in the Soviet Union? Last January, Dr. D. B. Shimkin of Harvard university's Russian Research center, reported on a study he had made of all geological literature on Russia until 1944—when information on uranium abruptly stopped. He found that uranium had been discovered from the Ukraine to eastern Siberia.

The richest mine is in Central Asia, in Turkestan's Fergana valley, 200 miles east of Tashkent. It was opened in 1908, and by 1913 had produced 1,044 tons of ore yielding vanadium, copper, and .82% uranium. If we figure—as many do—that an atomic bomb takes 26 pounds of U-235, this theoretically would be enough fissionable material for four bombs. Ferganavalley ore is much like Colorado's carnotite, occurring in veins up to five feet thick, and by 1933 the uranium content was running 1.23%.

Since 1914 Russia has been known to have a promising uranium deposit in the Khamar-Daban range, near Lake Baikal, north of Mongolia. Other known prospects include Ukhta, in the Ural mountains, where there are

radioactive wells, and the region in the Ukraine near the industrial center of Kharkov.

Recent reports indicate that uranium has also been found at Karelia, near the Finnish border, and farther north at Kirovsk. Refugees claim that the famed Ore mountains, the *Erzgebirge* of occupied Saxony (Germany), are yielding uranium mined by 100,000 workers. Last May, W. T. Babcock, U.S. representative before the Berlin *Kommandatura*, charged that between 25,000 and 30,000 Germans had been kidnapped and set to mining.

The famed Jachymov, formerly Joachimsthal, mines in Czechoslovakia are the fourth of the world's leading deposits of uranium, being rich in pitchblende. Czech refugees report production has been stepped up. Before the war three mines were operating, mostly producing radium; now 30 are said to be in uranium production. The rich ore is being shipped to Russia by plane and train, behind the tightest kind of security. Even the communist Czech defense minister, General Svoboda, is reportedly barred from the area.

Every nation behind the Iron Curtain has uranium hopes. Bulgaria reports strikes; the Poles are busy. They have turned up some uranium in Silesia, some 60 miles from the former German city of Breslau. One report indicates the Poles are shipping 60 carloads of uranium ore a day from those mines—how rich it is, no one knows.

The rest of Europe has lesser symptoms of the uranium fever. The

French are setting up an atomic pile, under the direction of Madame Curie's son-in-law, Frederick Joliot-Curie, one of the few convinced communists who ever won a Nobel prize in science. Prospecting parties have been sent out for radium, and new finds are reported in at least three places in Central France. Like the Belgians, the French also have a colonial source of uranium. In their case it is their colony of Madagascar, the huge island lying off the east coast of Africa.

The British, like the U. S., are good customers of the Belgian mines. They have also set about prospecting in their own ancient mining country of Cornwall, where tin was mined hundreds of years before the birth of Christ.

The Scandinavians are combing their mountains. Professor Mather figured last year that the Norwegians alone had enough uranium to make 50 to 100 atomic bombs. The Swedes recently announced they were getting appreciable amounts of uranium as a by-product in refining oil shale, running about half a pound of uranium per ton of shale. Smaller uranium deposits have been reported from Portugal and Italy.

Latin America is a late starter but running hard in the race for uranium. The Mexicans are analyzing their radioactive spring waters, and have reported a find or two. Argentina has reported uranium in Mendoza province. Enough uranium has been found in Chile to make it worth while for the government to clamp down a tight censorship. Brazil is equally close-

mouthed about anything that it finds.

Over in India, Prime Minister Nehru told reporters recently that he has high hopes for thorium as a means of propelling his teeming nation straight into the age of atomic energy. Burma has both uranium and thorium. Ceylon has thorium.

China, busy with civil war, so far has only vague reports, but China needs thorough prospecting for all kinds of minerals. There's no telling what might turn up there.

Australia, which has a huge preserve for testing rockets in the middle of its barren heartland, is spurring on prospectors with promises of \$10,000 reward for reasonably rich strikes. Searchers are combing the sands of the ocean resort of Southport, 50 miles from Brisbane. Old silver mines near Canberra, closed for 40 years, are being explored and reopened.

There is even a chance for uranium in Greenland, according to Commander Donald MacMillan, recently back from his 25th northern expedition. But for the ordinary prospector, Greenland is rather completely out of bounds, even if the samples pan out.

In fact, there seem to be only two places in the world where there is no point to running over the ground with a Geiger counter. One is the Antarctic. Commander Gerald Ketchum, of the U.S. Navy, after a five-month expedition to the lands around the South Pole, reported that "no minerals of any commercial value" had been uncovered. And the prospectors can skip the Philippines. Charles A. Mitke, a mining engineer hired as a consultant by the Philippine government, reports no trace of uranium.

The nations in this race for uranium are playing for larger stakes. One lucky strike could change the course of history, for not only is uranium used in making bombs, but it has a high potential as a source of industrial energy. Just as coal and iron of western Europe allowed England, France, and Germany to become first-rate powers, so lucky uranium finds could enable smaller nations to take a leading voice in world affairs. It is no accident, therefore, that the busiest searchers for the Cinderella metal are the nations now holding great power. They propose not to lose it.



Watered Humility

*E*ACH day a German Franciscan brought to the grotto at Lourdes a fellow monk who was blind. Tenderly he would lift the fountain water to his friend's sightless eyes. And, when he was done, he would look furtively around to make sure that no one should discover his small vanity as he touched a few drops to his own shining bald head.

Victor J. Dowling in *America*.

The Quints Are Dionnes

Family fusion



By EDWARD A. HARRIGAN

A DICTATOR rules the Oliva Dionne family at Callander, Ontario—and it isn't Oliva Dionne. Papa may sit at the head of the table. But the king of the household, the absolute monarch, is Claude Dionne. His throne is a high chair; he is two years old.

The persons most responsible for this state of affairs are five of his sisters, Marie, Emilie, Cecile, Yvonne, and Annette. I have that on the word of Thérèse Dionne, given me in the presence of the Quints themselves—and they did not deny it. Thérèse is five years older than the famous five, who were 15 on May 28.

The Quints fell in love with the little rascal from the very start. They have, says Thérèse, thoroughly spoiled him.

But you don't need the word of Thérèse on the Quints' affection for their little brother. My daughter Dorothy (also 15) and I had the rare privilege of a visit to the Dionne home the Tuesday after Easter. We were sitting in the music room with part of the family when we heard a cry in a far-away part of the 19-room house.

"Claude," observed Papa Dionne.

Marie looked at Cecile, Cecile looked at Yvonne. Annette looked at papa, and edged forward. There she hung for a minute or two, then excused herself, and vanished in the direction of Claude. Claude, of course, was with mamma; but at that particular moment mamma was preparing the midday meal, and she did need a little help. Besides, Emilie was sick in bed with the flu (and that—although it was not serious—was somewhat surprising, for the Quints have gone as long as five years without catching even a cold). As for Claude, he was only outraged over the temporary lack of attention. For that young man is well on the way to taking care of himself. His father tells you proudly that, young as he is, he knows what kind of game his dad is going out after just by watching what gun he takes down.

Dorothy and I had stayed in North Bay Monday night. The next morning we boarded the first bus for Callander, about 12 miles south on Lake Nipissing. Now and then the road would stray away from the lake, and then we could see long outcroppings of rock. It was a preview of the type of

country we were entering. The bus let us off in front of the little hotel in Callander. We were almost there! We walked back a block to the post office, to ask directions, and found ourselves almost out of town.

"Mr. Dionne drives in for his mail every morning," the nice lady in the post office told us. "He hasn't been in yet today, so if you'd like to wait around a while—"

But we were eager to get out to the farm. We got a taxi and started off for the Dionnes, two and a half miles east. The blacktop road snaked over and around small hills, and expanses of bare rock stretched out about us. As we topped each hill, we strained for the first glimpse of the old house in which the Quints were born, of the fine new residence in which the Dionne family now lives.

"Daddy, are we almost there?" Dorothy would ask breathlessly.

"We must be," I'd reply, just as excited as she. All the while I was thinking of that May 28, 1934, when news flashed out of North Bay that quintuplets had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Oliva Dionne; of the anxious world which awaited every bulletin about their condition; the relief when it seemed probable that all would survive—even Marie. In those days the smooth road over which we were riding was rocky, rutted, and muddy.

At last we rounded the final curve—and there to the right was the old farmhouse. It looked much as it did the morning the Quints arrived; unpainted, old, small, but smoke curled

up from the chimney. As I gazed upon it, I remembered what a neighbor had been telling me: that no sooner had the five been wrapped in blankets and tucked into their grocery-basket crib than their proud but bewildered father took to the woodpile with his axe. He was working up a load of wood to exchange in town for the day's groceries. The depression was scraping bottom in those days. Most of Callander was on relief, and most of the trade was barter. Young Mr. Dionne himself was wondering whether he'd be able to meet the mortgage payment on his 300-acre farm. He had no vision at that moment of a fine home on a hilltop. Yesterday he had had five children; today he had ten. But one thing he did know: the good God who had sent the children would send the means to raise them.

THE Quints' birthplace is now occupied by Ernest Dionne, oldest of the Dionne children. He was married in April, 1947, to Jeanette Guindon, a schoolteacher, with his famous sisters as bridesmaids. He and Jeanette now have a couple of youngsters of their own. It is hard to say who is proudest of them: their dad and mother, their grandparents, or their aunts and uncles. Mr. Dionne employs Ernest to help him operate the farm.

Straight ahead was the reminder of another epoch in the lives of the Dionnes. There stood the big hotel, cafe, shops and stores, and mammoth parking lot which served the thousands upon thousands who came out in cars

to see the Quints in Dr. Dafoe's day.

The taxi swung around, and let us off in front of a high galvanized-wire gate on the north side of the road. To the left of the big gate was a narrow one, for pedestrians, and in both directions stretched a high steel-mesh fence, like you see around munitions plants in wartime, even to the barbed wire on top. I had read about that fence, and wondered whether reports had not been exaggerated.

The fence was there, all right, a most formidable one—and with good reason, I was to learn soon.

The gates had padlocks, but they happened to be unlocked, so we headed straight for the house. Blithely, for we thought we were expected, which we were not, due to a mixup on the date. That was the reason, I suppose, for the rustling of curtains and appearance of small faces in half the 15 windows in the front of the buff brick home.

Dorothy and I were both thinking the same thing as she pressed the doorbell: "Would a Quint come to the door?"

BUT it was not a Quint who finally pulled the heavy oaken door inward. A very pretty, dark-haired girl with a question mark in each of her deep-brown eyes was standing there.

She led us into Mr. Dionne's study, to the left as we entered.

"Are you . . .?" I began.

"No. I'm Thérèse," she replied. She looked at the letters confirming the appointment, which I had brought.

"Here, let me take your coats. I'll tell papa you are here."

Awaiting papa, we observed the room in which we sat. The north wall was lined with books, from the softly carpeted floor almost to the ceiling, with a crucifix at the very top. On the west wall hung the framed picture of a huge tree, which on closer inspection proved to be the Dionne family tree—it took a fellow in Montreal two years to do it up, said Mr. Dionne. His people have been in Canada since 1635, Mrs. Dionne's since 1670. Below the tree stands Mr. Dionne's desk; on that, a white typewriter with "Annette" on it. Scattered about the room were pictures of the Dionnes: the Quints with cardinals and archbishops; the Quints at play, with each other and with their brothers and sisters; the family portrait with Claude on papa's knee. Right here is a good place to tell you that Ernest, Rose, Thérèse, Pauline, and Daniel are the children older than the Quints, Victor, Oliva Jr., and Claude, younger. Through the windows you look out over the partly landscaped lawn and high fence to the old house across the road.

Soon a distant door opened and closed, and Mr. Dionne came into the room with Thérèse. He was dressed like the farmer he has remained. His trousers were tucked into high laced boots, and he had on a colored flannel shirt, open at the neck. Of average height—I am about 5' 8" and I could look straight into his eyes—he is thin and gives you the impression of being tall.

"If I had been expecting you—" and he spreads his hands to indicate his clothes.

As the visit lengthened, we could not help but notice that strong French-Canadian characteristic of the Dionnes: to honor a guest by appearing in their very best before him. Thérèse soon left, taking Dorothy with her, and when she reappeared she had on a different frock than the one she came to the door in—though I saw no need for any change. As the Quints assembled, they were dressed identically, in dark blue jumpers and short-sleeved blouses of figured silk, tied with ribbons at the neck. You guess that they were not dressed thus before you arrived, for it was vacation. Very reluctantly, Victor came in—I should say, was brought in—to see us; but only after he had taken time to change from overalls to Sunday best.

Mr. Dionne and I sat chatting alone in his study for quite a while. As we talked, piano music and the words of *Because, The Bells of St. Mary's* and *There's a Pretty Spot in Ireland* sung in chorus told us that the Dionnes were honoring their high-school visitor from the States by having her sing with them. Mr. Dionne and I talked about the Quints, of course, the other children, the farm, the oats and the cows, the attitudes of neighbors, modern family life—Christian and otherwise—youth, hunting and fishing.

I noticed that Mr. Dionne put his hand to his neck quite often, and he said he had a headache and a sore neck.

"The boys and I were working back of the hill yesterday," and he gestured vaguely toward the north, "building a dam for a fish pond. I had a log on my shoulder, and one of the horses bumped into it somehow. . . ." He waved away my suggestion that he lie down for a while and let me wander about by myself until he felt better. He plans to plant trout in the new pool. He explained with a smile that he was really restoring what beavers had accomplished many years before. When the beavers built the original dam, they flooded farm land the former occupant needed. So he tore it out.

I MAY have been a little unjust to two-year-old Claude when I was telling you about the Quints spoiling him. For he is a sweet little fellow. But the point is that the Quints, just like every other member of the family, do love him dearly. I wanted to make that point strong, for it shows that the Quints have become fully integrated into the life of the Dionne family. That is and always has been the supreme desire of Mr. and Mrs. Dionne. Emilie, and Marie, and Cecile, and Annette, and Yvonne are not just Quints; they are Dionnes. It was not always so. The joy of the other kids knows no bounds, now that they have got their five sisters for their very own. Victor, of course, in his ten-year-old way, isn't taking orders from any girl, though he appreciates it when sister Emilie helps him catch a frog or get a worm onto a hook. Even at dinner,

the Quints mix themselves up all around the table.

The Dionnes realize, of course, that their five children are unique. They were, until the birth on July 15, 1943, of Argentina's Diligenti quints, the world's only living quintuplets, and remain the only all-girl quints. And the Dionnes don't blame the public for being curious: no celebrity can ever call his life entirely his own. Yet, the Dionne family would like to, is trying desperately to, live as nearly a normal life as possible.

As we sat there, I asked Mr. Dionne about the big fence out in front. "Do you really have to have it there yet?"

"It is necessary," he replied. And indeed it is. Although they know the Quints will never again be on exhibition—as during the first nine years of their life—tourists still drive by the Dionne home by the thousands every summer, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Quints. Tourists have parked in front of the gate for as long as four hours, all the while laying on the horn and keeping binoculars trained on the house. Hoodlums have tried to scale the big fence, but they were quickly detected and turned away. But when summer comes, and school is out, the family does manage some privacy. They leave the place in charge of Ernest, and go to a private cottage on a remote lake.

Mr. Dionne invited me to see more of the house. It is a mansion, in Georgian style. It cost \$60,000 to build and \$12,000 to furnish. We went into the wide hall, which afforded a

glimpse through French doors into the king-size dining room with a table large enough to accommodate all 15 Dionnes and a guest or two; passed by the music room, in which the Dionne girls were beginning to assemble; and walked on into the big living room, which ran the full width of the west end of the house. There, the huge fireplace at one end, above which hangs a painting of the Quints when they were less than half their present age, the easy chairs and sofas, and the plants in the bay window on the south side, all spoke of a room for fun and family life. Like the entire home, it was tastefully furnished, and very neatly kept, but there was no ostentation. Even the 27x15-foot Persian rug was chosen to be played on, not for display. Sure, the Quints are rich, and I don't suppose their parents will have any financial worries in their old age, but if there is one characteristic that stands out in this French-Canadian family, besides their piety, it is their humility.

ONE of Mr. Dionne's big crosses, he told me, standing there in the center of the big room, is the envy of some who knew him when he was poor. "I wish it were not so," he said, spreading his eloquent hands. "But what can I do . . . ?" For his part, he thanks God for sending the means to support his 13 children, to educate them to know and love the God from whom they came.

I'm not going to pretend that I had a long interview with the Quints. Re-

member, they are only 15. And they are naturally very shy, indeed, rather ill at ease, before strangers—and why shouldn't they be, considering the conditions under which they lived more than half their lives, in fact, are still forced to live? They understand English, but it comes to them mostly from the classroom and they are reluctant to betray their accent. Mrs. Dionne speaks only French, and French is the household language. But with nods and smiles, and Thérèse and papa there to help out, we got along all right.

Marie is still smallest and sweet; she likes singing particularly well. Annette is industrious, goes in for cooking, likes to help mother in the kitchen. Cecile is always one of the leaders, likes to write. Emilie used to be the tomboy of the bunch, but is growing more feminine; intense Yvonne goes in for art.

With the older kids away at school—at Ottawa, Montreal, and elsewhere—and help hard to find, the household work is done mostly by mamma and the Quints. They take turns day by day helping with meals and—ugh—washing the dishes. All pitch in with the other housekeeping, making beds, sweeping, vacuum cleaning. All know how to sew.

The family follows a pretty regular schedule. Everyone is up at 6 or 6:30, to be over to the chapel for Mass at 7. The chapel is just inside the front gate. The Dionnes have their own chaplain, Father René Portier, who came to Canada from France 50 years

ago. After Mass, they have breakfast. The Quints—wry faces again—help with the dishes, make the beds, do their hair while mamma inspects Victor's ears, and scamper down the hill to school. The school is Villa Notre Dame, once the Dafoe Nursery. It is at the foot of the hill, a few steps below the chapel. At noon, the Quints run home for dinner. At four, school is out, but they and their fellow pupils remain to study until six.

As we visited, we recalled the time the Quints launched five ships at Superior, Wis. That was on May 10, 1943. Accompanied by their sister Rose, then 15, they were just five tots dwarfed by the prows of mighty ships. Marie was the only one who scored a perfect hit on the prow of her ship.

A year later, they were in Superior again, launching another ship. This time they had sister Thérèse and their mother with them. Since we were from St. Paul, we were asked if we knew the Butlers. No, I was sorry I had not met the ambassador myself, although my oldest daughter had been a classmate of one of the girls. Mrs. Dionne and Thérèse had stopped in St. Paul en route to the launching, and they had been the guests of the Butlers. They would never forget the hospitality they were shown.

Other highlights in the history of the Dionnes: family birthdays, moving into the new home (1942), First Communions, the Quints' first "formals" at the 1945 birthday party, first day in high school with nine other

girls (now ten), and, significantly, the Marian Congress at Ottawa, the day last June when Annette presented Archbishop Vachon of Ottawa with a spiritual bouquet for the Pope from the French-Canadian school children of Ontario, for which they were thanked on behalf of the Holy Father by Archbishop Antoniutti, apostolic delegate to Canada. The Quints treasure the rosaries given them by Cardinal Stritch at the Marian Congress.

"I suppose you like movies?"

The affirmative smile was unanimous. Fortunately each has a different preference. For when they wish to take in a show at North Bay, they dare not all go together. They would attract embarrassing and harassing attention. Usually their dad takes them one or two at a time. (For the same reason, they seldom dress alike, except on special occasions—as when meeting a couple of visitors from St. Paul.) Annette favors Shirley Temple; Cecile, Deanna Durbin; Emilie, Gloria Jean; Marie, Ingrid Bergman; Yvonne, Bing Crosby. The Dionnes have their own projector and enjoy many movies in their own projection room.

"Do you like sports?"

Oh, yes, especially horseback riding, skating and skiing. They play softball, too, now that their school contains enough pupils for almost two teams, and out at the lake, they do quite a bit of fishing. They go hunting with their dad, too, now and then, and every one of the Quints is a good shot with a .22.

"I've heard that you all like music."

Yes, and now that they are getting older their tastes run to the best, operas, symphonies—the works of the great composers. There are three pianos on the place, one in the house and two at the school, and the Quints all get in a lot of practice. The one at the house takes quite a beating, for sing-songs around the piano are a regular feature of the Dionne home life.

THE Quints may be diffident in the presence of strangers, but you sense the fact that they have a lot of fun among themselves—and you wish you could stay with them a week, to get on more intimate terms with them. I had been introduced to them one at a time, and I thought they were a little crestfallen when I was able to name them later on in the visit. (Never mind, kids, it was more a feat of memory than any great power of discrimination—had you changed positions I would have had to sort you out all over again.) There was some suppressed giggling, and squirming, while we were talking. Yvonne had been marking up Cecile's arm with ink. Mr. Dionne told me, dryly, but with eyes twinkling, that his Quints put pepper in his coffee the other morning. Which one? Each face froze as he looked from one to the other, and he doesn't know yet.

Two things we did not ask the Quints about: what they were going to be when they got out of school, and boy friends. As to the former, what girl of 15 knows what she is going to be when she grows up? As for the

latter, if there is one thing that makes Papa Dionne see red it is concern over his 15-year-old daughters having no boy friends—"At their age!" he exclaims. The one thing that does trouble him somewhat, but not very much, is the Quints' schooling after they finish high school. The best he can answer about that is, "I don't know." Neither he nor Mrs. Dionne intend to dictate to them about the future. He feels that *le bon Dieu* will take care of that in good time, just as He has everything else up to now. "The world would be a much happier place," he says, "if only people would put their trust in God and His providence."

AFTER we bade the Quints adieu, Thérèse took us to see their school and Sister Aimee des Anges, the Mother Superior. Sister Aimee showed us through the building, which also serves as convent for her and her two associate Sisters of the Assumption, as well as boarding school for the ten other pupils who were specially selected to offset the Quints' lack of outside contacts. She showed us the music parlor, refectory, nuns' community room, the room in which the Quints' cribs stood when the building was a nursery, the room which has been enlarged into a schoolroom, and took us out through the door leading into the yard in which they were seen at play by millions of visitors. The schoolroom has the usual teacher's desk on a dais at the front, and a blackboard on the north wall. Below

the blackboard hung mounted specimens of plants collected by the pupils, and prominently enshrined on the south wall was a statue of the Child Jesus. The movable pupils' desks are of a table type, with hinged tops. The girls sit in chairs. The Quints do not sit by themselves, but mix up among the other girls.

"I have known the Quints for the last six years," says Mother Aimee. "One of my greatest satisfactions is the opportunity to see their individual personalities developing.

"But their way of life has set them apart. They are not to be compared with other children—that would be unfair."

They were shy upon first meeting their fellow pupils, but got on intimate terms with them within a week, Mother Aimee said. The competition has been good for the Quints, too, she said, confirming the word of Mr. Dionne that whereas formerly they did not take school any too seriously, they now buckle down and get good marks. None of them go for mathematics, but all do a great deal of reading. Yvonne likes stories with a historical background. Cecile leans towards books of travel. She and Annette, whose first choice is fiction, hope some day to visit France. Short stories are Marie's meat. Emilie, who likes to read about the saints, hopes some day to visit the Holy Land. Yvonne and Marie talk about going to Rome—and it is not unlikely that some day all the Quints may visit the Vatican. An audience with the Holy Father would

indeed be the supreme experience for them.

"The things that impress me above all else," said Mother Aimee, "are their great consideration for others and their deep spirituality. They are always going out of their way to do kindnesses to the others, doing them favors, bringing them little presents, fixing up surprises for their classmates and teachers. Never do they forget a birthday. And they play tricks, too—even on me." I remembered the pepper for papa.

"In this, they have the advantage of being children of deeply religious parents, who really love God, and who demonstrate that love in practical ways in their relations with their children and all others. The Dionnes pray together, have family Rosary, and of course are seeing to the religious education of their children." Two years ago, the Quints forewent all birthday presents, so that the money could be used to help feed European children.

"This spirituality of the Quints is especially evident in their devotion at Mass and in their singing of hymns," Mother Aimee went on. "Ah, it is a rich experience to hear them sing in church: they live the song they sing; the words and music come from their very hearts."

I asked her whether any of the

Quints showed any signs of vocation to the Religious life.

Well, no, she couldn't say any one of them did. She made it plain, too, that great care is taken to avoid any effort to force a vocation. "At most, we just show them what they are to expect in any way of life they may choose when they are old enough to decide. But when the time for a choice comes the choice must be their own."

Nevertheless, Mother Aimee says she cannot help but believe that the Quints are children of divine destiny.

"Only God knows what the future holds in store for them, but" she reiterated, "their spirituality makes me believe that they were born for a special mission. When they finish high school here they may remain together or separate—that will be up to them—their mission may or may not be spectacular, and may not be the same for all, but I am convinced that for each it will be something great in the eyes of God."

And then it was time to go. We left with a feeling of reverence.

We rode down to Callander in the back seat of Mr. Dionne's car. We talked with him all the way to town. The Quint in the front seat beside him didn't say a word. But we will always remember the sweet smile Yvonne had for us as we got out of the car.

THREE workmen were employed at the power plant in Moscow. One was always ten minutes early, the second regularly ten minutes late, and the third was punctually on time. All three were informed against and sent for trial. The charges were, respectively: toadyism, sabotage, and bureaucratic formalism.

Scope.

Footprints on the Sands of Time

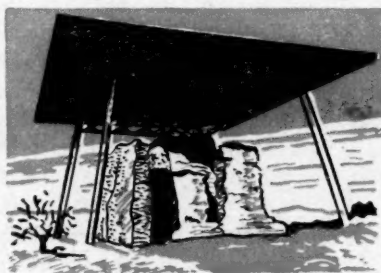
By ANNA DICKERMAN

Condensed from *The Grail**

Six thousand years from today someone will delve among ruins near the present site of Atlanta, Ga., and will find a big underground vault. He will try to decipher an inscription on a plaque mounted on the door. It will probably be meaningless, but just within the crypt will be a projection machine of stainless steel with gold-plated ball bearings. Pictures of a man holding an apple will appear on the screen. The man will slowly, carefully pronounce the word *apple*, and as he does so, the spelling will be shown. Three thousand words can be projected as a key to all the contents of the vault.

Within the crypt are encyclopedias, histories, scientific and religious works, motion pictures, phonograph records, photographs; and models and samples of thousands of products, from chewing gum to canned fruit.

The idea of the crypt "postmarked for posterity" originated with President Jacobs of Oglethorpe University. The Westinghouse time capsule buried on the site of the World's Fair in New York, much the same in con-



tent, is to be opened 5,000 years hence. The two devices are believed to be the only ones ever planned to acquaint one civilization with another to come.

Unknown races the world over have

left weird monuments which give no clue to their builders or to their particular purpose. Perhaps the most baffling are those on Easter Island, so named from its discovery on Easter Sunday, 1722. They comprise 400 crudely sculptured statues standing in groups. The tallest is about 40 feet high.

The figures extend only to the hips. The back of the head is fat, eyes sunken and staring, nose long and prominent. The heads are adorned with something that resembles a brimless top hat.

The stone was quarried from an extinct volcano in the interior of the island. Numerous incomplete statues lie on their backs along the sides of the volcano, together with a few knives and obsidian scrapers, evidence of hurried interruption of work. The island, about 2,000 miles off the coast of Chile, may once have been a portion of the

mainland, now completely submerged.

An expedition of the Institute of Andean Research reported a stone temple at Casma, on the northern coast of Peru. All structures previously seen here are adobe. The temple has a façade of elaborately carved monoliths, each ten feet high and four feet wide. Graves in the vicinity reveal burial customs like those of ancient Egypt.

The housewife doing her weekly laundry in the most modern fashion would be aghast at the idea of washing soiled rags 5,000 years old, but this is actually being done in the attic of the American Museum of Natural History. The rags are part of a rare archaeological discovery in the Chicama valley of northern Peru. Washing a piece clean requires six days. The rags were taken from a mound, and the ancient Peruvians who used them are believed to have been the oldest farmers and weavers in the Western Hemisphere.

Over 2,000 years ago Mayas in Central America had a written language, were sculptors and builders, invented a calendar system, and were centuries in advance of European mathematicians. Their culture is said to be of the same importance on this continent as that of Greece in the ancient world. Their cities were populated by probable millions. Some scholars link them with the much disputed "lost continent" of Atlantis. A 200-pound boulder of jade was unearthed in the ruins of a Mayan pyramid near Guatemala City by a Carnegie Institute expedition. No jade remotely approaching

this size has been found in the Americas. Slices were cut from the parent body to fashion jewelry or ceremonial objects. The quality was good. Not even a guess can be hazarded as to where the jade came from or why such a treasure should have been concealed in a pyramid.

On one island of the Friendly group is a remarkable monolith. The base rests on uprights 30 feet high, and supports a stone bowl 13 feet across and one foot deep. There is also a trilitheon or transverse bar resting on two stone pillars with mortises to hold it. It is estimated that the pillars weigh 65 tons and must have been brought at least a thousand miles.

In such widely separated lands as Crimea, Europe, Asia, and Oceania, many stone tombs have a hole cut as nearly circular as possible with crude tools. Some are about the size of a human head while a man can crawl through the others. In many instances grooves indicate that some sort of cover had been provided for the holes. They may have been made of a material more perishable than stone and weathered away. Three theories are advanced to account for the circular openings: they may have been a passageway for the departing spirit; food may have been passed through to supply the deceased person with nourishment on his new plane of existence; or they may have been required by the mourning practices of an unknown day.

Natives directed the Fahnestock South Seas expedition to the island

of Vanua Levu. A monolith had fallen backwards and was in fragments, one of which weighs some 40 tons. Huge symbols were carved four inches deep in the face of it. Chinese officials and scholars found no resemblance to any known symbols or characters. They may have been carved by inhabitants of the legendary continent called Mu, now hiding its secrets in the Pacific.

The Sahara became a desert when the icecap over northern Europe receded and rains ceased to fall. Archaeologists penetrating to the heart of this now barren region found a little world hemmed in by a 2,000-mile stretch of towering cliffs. Stone Age people had left clues here. Vivid paintings on rocks and in caves; implements, weapons, hearths and ashes are well preserved. As old as they are, trained eyes can read the record of a still older race which may date back fully a quarter of a million years.

Three crudely carved sandstone heads, weighing up to 100 pounds each, have been taken from gravel pits in Texas.

Engineers working on a hydroelectric development in Maryland discovered picture writings on the rocks in the Susquehanna River, at a point now covered by a great dam. They summoned the dean of the Maryland

Academy of Sciences, who perceived their value and had some of the rocks removed. Dr. Nicholas pointed out that the curves seen in the pictographs show a high degree of civilization, for untutored man draws only straight, simple lines.

Predecessors of Maya Indians may have lived at the Conowingo site, as pictographs suggest. The snake, which always indicates danger and caution, was carved opposite a treacherous landing; while the spreading root, which signifies strength and security, marked the safest.

Walnut Island, in the Susquehanna river, was once covered with a forest of walnut trees which were cut and rafted down the river to be made into furniture. Spring floods then washed away the topsoil, revealing strange, barbaric symbols on the exposed limestone rocks. The entire island was then explored. A cloudburst effectually removed hard-packed sand which had lain undisturbed for centuries. Many more petroglyphs were exposed and are pronounced to be as old as anything man-made on the continent. Prehistoric monuments or parts of them were carried away by persons who did not realize their value. It is well that their descendants will be forewarned.



Clerical Cloth

ALMOST every fair-sized flock of sheep has one black one, the wool of which is usually used in the manufacture of clothing for the clergy.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (16 April '49).

Europeans agree with General Sherman

3rd World War?

By JOHN COGLEY

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

PRACTICALLY nobody in Europe believes there will be a 3rd World War. It confronts Europeans like the doctrine of hell, which has always been a greater stumbling block for heretics than the promise of heaven. Again, to be always aware of how close mankind is to destroying itself would be like giving up whatever life is left.

In other wars a man could think of dying for his country or his family. With "total" weapons now or soon available, the next war may have to be for naked ideals. Justice, honor, truth will remain when it is all over. But what will happen to the soil, to wife and children? Who can count on future generations (not to mention apple pie, Coca-Cola and the right to boo the Brooklyn Dodgers)?

If the European were to believe such thoughts, that a 3rd World War was on its way, he could hope for nothing: there would be nothing left to do but wait for the bomb.

If he wants to keep plugging away at life, the European has to believe in his heart that a 3rd World War is impossible. American war talk may be

more justified than European calm. But if Americans could realize as vividly as Europeans do what another war will mean, they, too, might be driven to thinking with their hearts.

Europeans live close to war. Going to work in the morning and coming home in the evening, on a trip to the store or the theater, on crack trains speeding them across the continent, Europeans see ruins. Graveyards of civilization are everywhere. A whole generation which remembers no other shelter is growing up in the ruins. Europeans live on a continent still teeming with homeless and hopeless children and with half-forgotten displaced persons. True, reconstruction everywhere in the West is going ahead at a marvelous pace, but people still live with the results of war: profound poverty, easy vice, the black market, the crippled and maimed, the widows and orphans.

In America things are different. In the U. S., the last discharge pins disappeared into dresser drawers two or three years ago, the neighborhood victory shrines have long been neglected and left unpainted, the worst cases

among battle casualties live in quiet isolation at VA hospitals, and the dead are generally forgotten. The war did, of course, reach into almost every American home; but, in terms of stark human tragedy, into comparatively few. Even the combat soldiers came back to peace, like a traveler returning to a snug room kept untouched and unchanged while he was away. European soldiers did not just go off to war; the war also came to them.

To America and to Europe, war necessarily has meant different things. Americans can't be blamed for not being able to grasp the meaning of another war, or, if they once dimly could, for now forgetting. Even the Swiss, who stood helpless at the water's edge and watched French homes burning on the other side of Lake Geneva, talk more like Americans than like other Europeans when the subject of a 3rd World War comes up.

Totalitarianism, too, is something far off for most Americans. Its evil is more often a matter of oratory than of firsthand experience. But in Europe totalitarianism has not disappeared. Its dread meaning has been reborn in a fresh generation of political refugees and escapees. Almost every European meets them personally or hears about them, not as political abstractions, but as men and women. Everywhere in western Europe there are rumors of new-style concentration camps and of improved torture methods. The very silence behind the Iron Curtain is thunderingly eloquent.

A cause célèbre like the Mindszenty

case is enough to strike real terror into the heart of a European if he thinks about it long enough. The cardinal's trial dramatized the terrors, the new unknowns that might reach out and touch anyone. ("It seems," so Francois Mauriac addressed the Budapest judges in the columns of *Figaro*, "that you have discovered the secret of those insects which sustain themselves on living victims, paralyzing them and giving them the appearance of life.") A 3rd World War may mean all this to the American, but it is a meaning bookish and academic when he thinks of another war in concrete, personal terms. The American is more likely to be thinking of cigarette shortages, overcrowded trains, and nylon lines than of concentration camps, secret drugs, and radium sores.

Meanwhile, as a Frenchman told me, one can only go on living. Living now means rebuilding what has been destroyed. Every new structure that goes up, every old church or public building restored is a living symbol: life can go on, there can be a future, this generation like all others can depend on continuity. The more lines are drawn between East and West, the more tense relations between Russia and the U. S. grow, the tougher-sounding the statements from Washington and Moscow, the more progress is made in rebuilding western Europe.

A few months ago I passed through the town that sits like a spittoon at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. An old Italian said that the village had been built, destroyed, and rebuilt nine times.

"But why don't you give up?" I asked. "Why don't you go some place else? If you can't get the mountain to move, why not move away?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Every time that devil erupts," he said, "the people think only of rebuilding. It's our way of saying this . . ." And he made a vulgar gesture toward Vesuvius. Then he asked bitterly, "How else can a man talk to a mountain? You know some other way . . . ?"

Combat soldiers speak of the sudden increase of rape incidents among doomed troops—the mysterious drive that is not so much lust as an act of defiance. In the same way, as annihilation in Europe seems more imminent, constructive energy grows more intense. In any case, there is very little war talk here. When the subject comes up, the European is likely to shake his head sadly and change the topic. I have met very few who would talk at all about a 3rd World War.

IN FLORENCE we stayed at a small side-street hotel just off the Piazza della Signoria. One noontime, returning after a morning of sightseeing, we found the little street jammed with workmen. Some were silent, drinking wine from hip flasks and chewing at oversized sandwiches. Others were talking in groups. It was the feast of Epiphany. I noticed that most were greeting each other with a hearty *buona festa*.

The only woman out in the street was a young Franciscan nun. She moved through the crowd with a beg-

ging basket, murmuring some soft appeal that seemed always to get lost on the air. When she came up to a group of men, almost every one reached into his pocket and pulled out a few dirty lire for her. A clerk behind the desk in the hotel, a smiling, studious-looking young man, spoke good English. I asked about the meeting. "What goes on outside. Who are they?"

"Oh, they're our Florentine communists," he said. "They have a meeting here every Thursday."

"But there's a nun out there, and they're all giving her money."

"Why not? They're all Catholics. She knows that." I suppose I sounded pretty dumb. "There are two kinds of communists here," the young man said, "those against the Church and those just against capitalism. Of course, some are against both. But the men out there aren't so much against the Church as against . . ."

"The U. S.?"

"Well, yes. But not *only* the U. S., you understand. There are other capitalist countries."

"How long can they go on this way?"

"I don't know. It's a question I ask myself. I suppose the time is coming when we—when 'they' will have to pick a side. Then they will have to be for the Church or against it. It's something like during the war. You were against fascism, so in a way you had to be for communism—for Russia, that is. It is confusing, isn't it? But in the meantime why not give the Sister a few lire? She does good. Besides,

who knows, there may not even be another war."

I was telling a French student about the Catholic Worker movement in America. Naturally the question of Christian pacifism came up. "But you can't escape violence," the student said. "The last time one 'had' to choose between violence turned on the Jews and the others, and violence heaped on the evildoers. Gandhi said that if they turned on India he would let a million Indians die for the principle. Hitler used almost the same words. No matter what, you have blood on your hands. It's like trying to be dainty in an operating room. Can't be done. If it isn't the blood of the guilty it will be the blood of the innocent. You can't choose martyrdom; it's a gift. There will be martyrs, but they will be like Mindszenty, fighting martyrs."

A few days later he brought me an English translation of a few paragraphs from *Ricerca*, an Italian Catholic student magazine. "Here," he said, "this is how I feel."

The translation read, "We do not want war either of nations or of individuals. But, if they touch our altars or the Pope or our priests, we will accept the challenge. The new times have matured in us a new decision; henceforward no one will chase us into the catacombs; we will die in the streets."

THE university has a special French institute for foreign students. In our class there are only four students: two

Americans, a Chinese girl, and a young German who has a good record, at least by Occupation standards. The teacher is a gentle soft-voiced Swiss spinster.

We were reading about a French hero of 1760, Captain D'Assas, who wandered alone in the forest upon a company of German soldiers about to surprise-attack the French. Though a German gun was stuck up against his ribs, the captain shouted out a warning to his comrades. He died, of course, but the French regiment was saved. "Now," Mademoiselle said, "I'd like each of you to tell a similar anecdote in French about your own country; some *acte d'héroïsme* everybody in your country knows."

The other American told about Colin Kelly. The Chinese girl told about a mother who lost five sons in the war against Japan and then let her youngest, a ten-year-old, serve as a lookout scout. He, too, was killed. The mother became a symbol of Chinese resistance to all in the village. The girl was deeply moved by the telling. Before she finished, her voice broke and she was near tears.

Then I stumbled through the story of the four chaplains who went down with their ship. The German was visibly embarrassed. He remained silent when his turn came. "I'm sorry," he told Mademoiselle, "but I can't tell a story today. Maybe tomorrow." Mademoiselle sensed his discomfort. She didn't press the matter.

After the class the German said, "I acted like a fool, didn't I? But what

could I say? Maybe after the next one, there will be a few acts of heroism a German won't have to be ashamed of."

IN ROME, the American Catholic club operated by the NCCS is now open to all English-speaking foreigners, military and civilian. I was leaving one day on the heels of a friendly group which had stopped for a snack at the club's American-style coffee shop. There were two young British women and an unattached middle-aged man, who spoke English with an accent. He might have learned the language in a Balkan country. Fifty or so clerical students were coming down the street, on their way toward St. Peter's. They were all young-looking. The wide-brimmed Roman hats and long cassocks were too awesome for some of them. The dignity of their costumes only accented their youth, making it ridiculous when it might have been refreshing. American college togs would have been more fitting. The seminarians had the kind of unset faces you see on any State-side campus. They paraded by like so many junior bishops, but their dignity looked forced and unnatural. You had the feeling that at a signal it would dissolve into horseplay. All of us stood back to let them pass. When the last was out of earshot, one of the English women said, "My, but they looked young, didn't they? Just boys, really."

The man with the accent lifted his right arm dramatically in salute toward the seminarians. He said something, not in English.

"What's that?" the other woman asked. "Italian?"

"No," the man said, "it's Latin. *Salvete flores martyrum!* It's the way St. Philip Neri used to greet the English students in Rome during the Reformation. You should know that—it's in Newman's sermon on the *Second Spring*. It means 'Hail, blossoms of martyrs!'"

"Martyrs!" the woman said. "Why? What country are they from?"

"What difference does it make?" the man with the accent answered.

THE Paris-Budapest express was almost empty. Three of us had a whole car to ourselves. I had been reading the *New Yorker*. A man in his late 40's asked me in English, with barely a trace of accent, if he might look at it. As he paged through it he said quietly, "This is the most effective type of communist propaganda in Europe."

"Pardon me," I said, "I did give you the *New Yorker*, didn't I?"

"Oh, it's not this particular magazine. In fact, I have never seen this on the newsstands. But American magazines in general, and American movies—look, for instance, at this." He showed me a Tiffany ad which listed things like lipstick cases (\$145) and library scissors (\$58). "See what I mean? Your magazines and movies create the desire for things that only communism promises to give. American capitalist propaganda in Europe just softens people up for communist propaganda. You once sold scrap iron

to Japan, didn't you?" he asked when he returned the magazine. "In a manner of speaking, this is scrap iron, too."

I was getting off at Berne. "Good-by, now," the stranger said. He was going all the way to Budapest.

ON CERTAIN streets in Paris, the male foreigner is wise to look neither to right nor left but to gaze piously ahead. The slightest turn of the head is taken as interest by the ambitious young women. On these streets their profession has been stripped of all pretense. One evening a girl followed a few steps behind me, calling out in

French. She was as stubbornly insistent as any Fuller-brush man, but I knew that discretion was the better part of valor. If I said anything at all, she would interpret it as a wavering. I didn't turn around. After a time she dropped her native French and spoke in German. Still no response. Then she switched to English. "Look at me," she said, "at least look at me."

When she finally gave up, she returned to angry French.

"What a business!" she said. "And you have to be a linguist, too! Now to have to start learning Russian at my age! What times!"



Oh, Dear!

A little girl, who was convalescing from a sore throat, was put back to bed a third time. Then her Ph.D. dad went through a lengthy explanation of just why she must stay in bed. Finally she interrupted him wearily with, "Oh, daddy, why don't you just make me."

Journal of Education.



Oh, Dear!!

THERE is an organization in England known as the Writers' Group of the Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR. In the interests of furthering culture, the British literary men recently communicated with a group of Russian writers, and asked, "Is there a specific type of Russian humor?"

The answer was right down the middle of the party line. "The specific quality of Russian humor lies in its ideological content, its inspired quality, and its subtlety. It is bright and humanistic. It is a powerful weapon against reaction. Humor serves Soviet society by ridiculing the survivals of the old capitalism."

The Liguorian (May '49).

Your shoulder will sag

The ABC of Trout Fishing

By JASON LUCAS

Condensed from *Sports Afield**



MANKIND has a peculiar genius for making simple things complicated. It's often good business. Sports instructors keep you confused so that they can hold you through a nice, long course and make money.

Our local of the Angling Editors' union will kick me out for writing this piece. An article on troutng can't look scholarly unless it's full of diagrams showing one how to cast a dry fly quartering upstream over currents of many types. It's not considered a bit impressive to tell the reader that no two fishing spots will be alike, and if he has sense enough to be allowed out fishing by himself, a glance would show him what to do in each case. Naturally, he'll need practice to do it right always, but he's the only one who can do that practicing.

Sure, you should learn to cast a fly properly. But fly casting is simple, if you go about it right.

Do you have to be a good caster to catch fish? Here's something else the union won't like my letting out. I know tournament and exhibition casters who can get up to a tank at a sportsman's show and keep mere fish-

ermen staring in wonder at what they can make a line do, but when they go fishing, they're just funny. Grand casting, but no fish. Not all show casters are that way, of course; some of them are fine fishermen. And I know men whose casting is so horrible that it makes me wince in pain, but they always fill their creels. But, given an equal knowledge of where and how to fish, the good caster will always get more than the poor one; that's only logical.

We'll start with where to find trout, feeding. We'll skip the fancy diagrams and put it this way: if you were a supertrout of some kind, and looking for men feeding, where would you go? To a Turkish bath? To a clothing store? Certainly not; you'd go to a restaurant. Do trout have restaurants? You bet! Not cafeterias, either; the food is brought to them.

A river contains a certain amount of trout food per cubic something. On a wide, deep, slow stretch, a given amount of it will be a long time passing within fish-sight of a certain spot. But below there, the river narrows and goes racing down over stones. At the foot of this long riffle, most of it has

*401 2nd Ave. So., Minneapolis, 1, Minn. May, 1949.

to shoot, concentrated, between a big boulder and the bank, so trout food is streaming by there, fast.

That's the trout's restaurant; that's where you'll find them when they're hungriest and most likely to grab your fly. So if you want to know where trout are feeding, just walk along until you find where the most water passes the smallest spot in the shortest time. Simple enough?

Naturally, the trout won't want to wear himself out fighting the fastest current all the time. So he'll stay behind the boulder or next to the bank, where he can take things easy but watch for what goes by in the fast part. If you like diagrams, you'll generally find one on the surface showing where he'll lie.

To make things even simpler, just follow the old hunters' rule. Stop and think where you'd lie if you were a trout and wanted to see the most food pass near you without exerting yourself unduly. A little common sense will show you the place, even if you've never fished before.

However, if you were a rainbow, you might stay right out in the swift current; rainbows love exercise.

If trout are fished hard enough to make them wild, they'll also have a deep hole handy, to dart into when something comes by to scare them. So would you if you were a trout; again, it's a matter of very simple thinking to put yourself in the trout's place. Therefore if the riffle ends in a deep hole, it's an ideal spot, especially for a big one; the big ones take the best

places, chasing all the little ones off.

And this is the easiest place in the world for a beginner to fish. He does not even have to be able to cast; he can stay above and let the current carry his fly down, as he strips line from his reel. He can point his rod down along his line, and feel the least touch of the fly with the fingers of his left hand holding the line. It's a reflex action for him to jerk his hand back and hook the fish. And if he misses the first time, he hasn't whipped the fly away from the trout, as he would striking with the rod tip, he's only moved it a few inches, so the fish can follow up and strike a time or two more until he gets himself hooked.

Here's the main reason why most men don't get many trout: they can't get it into their heads that trout are easily scared. Trout are extremely sensitive to tiny vibrations of the ground caused by a man walking, or knocking stones together as he wades.

And most people seem to think that a trout can't see. Remember that if you can see him, he can see you. In fact, he probably saw you first and got out of there, so you didn't even know he was around.

Again, the moral is easy. Sneak up to a good spot as if you were sneaking up on a rabbit. Stalk the spot; if you wait to make sure that there's a fish in it, he won't be.

Most men think they have to wade for trout. But even if you have nice waders on, try creeping up and casting over some bushes on the bank. And don't let your hand or the bulky reel

be seen; the slender rod isn't so noticeable, or it may pass for a waving twig, but the less they see of even that, the better.

Very often you can, from behind those bushes, just drop your fly straight down from your rod tip into the water. That isn't fly casting; it isn't classy, since a dub can do it the first time he tries. But it's a method that accounts for some mighty good fish in the creel. If you're going to do it, don't peep out first to see what's there; either size the spot up from away back or just drop the fly in to see what happens.

When you do have to wade, remember that the higher your head is above the water, the farther a fish can see you—no need here to go into the angle of a fish's cone of vision. Crouching low as possible will take you within fishing distance of a spot you're not caster enough to reach otherwise. And watch your shadow if the sun is behind you; fish don't like moving shadows.

If you still can't reach a spot that looks good, probably not many others can either, so there's likely a good one there. Here's an easy trick that few know about; it will often work in such places as those. There will probably be some bush or big rock near the place. Approach that quietly. Yes, the trout will see you anyhow and stop feeding. But lie down behind the bush or boulder and light your pipe; you need a rest anyhow. Give them at least 15 minutes, and they'll probably start feeding again; just how long depends on how shy they are. Then, work it

as you would from behind bushes on the bank. Lowbrow fishing—but I've seen some whoppers taken that way.

Now, if you want me to give you a list of a few dozen of the best flies, I won't. Some wouldn't think of going fishing without at least 100 flies. Others use only half a dozen patterns and get about as many fish.

We hear a lot about "exact imitation" flies. There's no such thing. Even the best "exact imitation" bears only a sketchy resemblance to the real thing. An entomologist would have to be told what fly it was supposed to represent, and then he'd smile.

Just go to a tackle store and pick yourself out a few flies, all very different in color and size, and the trout will never know that you can't call all of them by their first names. Choosing flies is much simpler than choosing plugs, since there's no built-in action. Later on, of course, you can get technical, and start talking learnedly about the comparative merits of light and dark Cahills, and drakes of different colors—it sounds fine, but it probably won't get you any more fish.

It's always well to ask what the local fish are taking at the time. But it's what they were taking yesterday; when you get to the water you'll probably have to start trying different things until you find out what they want now.

Brook trout—I'll get shot for saying this!—are the dumbest; they'll grab anything the right size, with a preference for gaudy flies. Rainbows come next, with much the same tastes, when

they're feeding, and when they're not, they're not.

The brown trout is the choosiest, shiest, hardest to catch; that's why you'll find such big brownies in hard-fished water. He generally goes best for pretty dull flies. Most of the time, you're supposed to use an "exact imitation" for him; there are a million or so "exact imitations." Since any imitation looks less like the real thing than a snow man looks like a real man, why not try this: if he's feeding, say, on small brown flies, why not offer him any small brown fly you happen to have along? If it's offered right, he'll probably take it as well as if you'd had a nervous breakdown trying to figure which of 99 small brown flies to offer him.

And if the trout won't take your fly, just trim out over half the hackle with the point of your knife, and try it again. You'll probably be surprised—pleasantly. Nearly all flies you buy are badly overdressed. The makers know very well they're tying them wrong, and don't like to do it; but they tell me that a huge majority of fishermen won't buy flies unless they tie them that way. After all, a fly-tier is like anybody else: he likes to stay in business.

And this explains the mysterious fact that the old, battered, unrecognizable fly will almost invariably get more fish than the new pretty one; fish have chewed two thirds of the junk off. So, before you even set out to fish next time, borrow your wife's manicure scissors and perform a major

hackle-ectomy on some of your flies.

Leaders? Keep 'em. The smaller and more invisible your leader, the more trout you'll hook. It becomes a question of having a leader just heavy enough for you to stand a reasonable chance of landing a big one without his tangling in snags or sharp rocks, or with really big ones, running all your line out. But it's better to have the fun of losing a few than not to hook any.

Now let's boil all this down into five very simple rules. 1. Put your fly where the most water passes the smallest spot in the shortest time. 2. Steal along, so that the fish won't feel your footsteps. 3. Don't let the trout see you. If you see them, they can see you. 4. Use small flies with light dressing. 5. Use the finest leader that you think you can land them on.

Is this all there is to trout fishing? Well, no. But it'll start you catching trout—maybe a lot of them, if they're there.

I don't know all about fishing or all about anything else, but fishing being the uncertain thing it is, there's one sort of angler I know I can beat 19 times in 20: the superior soul who thinks he knows all about fishing. You can beat him, too, after a little practice and headwork. The whole trouble with him is that he's got so tangled up in high-falutin' theories that he's lost sight of the elementary principles of fishing. Of course when you do beat him, he'll explain why you shouldn't have. You'll feel so ignorant you'll be ashamed of yourself.

You can't be better than perfect

'MORE CATHOLIC *Than the Church*'

By MATTHEW SMITH,

Condensed from the *Register**

SOME of the statements carried in the press as a result of Boston's little tempest in a teapot, with the ridiculous charges of false doctrine made against Jesuit theologians, emphasize again that it is dangerous business to become "more Catholic than the Church." There have been famous instances of this in the past, and the results have not been happy.

The most startling case was that of Tertullian, born about 160 A.D. He was a convert from paganism, and wrote some of the finest apologetic literature of ancient times. This married man was ordained a priest, in accordance with the custom of his time. Though he continued to live in wedlock, one of his great works is on the value of virginity for religious motives.

Tertullian was a rigorist and a puritan. About 211 A.D. he left the Church to join an absurd little sect called Montanists, founded by one Montanus, a pretended prophet. Montanus, with both Maximilla and Priscilla, alleged prophetesses, taught extreme doctrines about fasting, continence, and martyrdom.

In trying to be more Catholic than the Church, Tertullian, though he is

still quoted for his extremely valuable testimony to the doctrines of the post-apostolic age, took himself out of the ranks of the saints and the Fathers of the Church.

Montanus had pretended to write under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and Maximilla and Priscilla had also claimed to be inspired. Tertullian thought he saw the hand of God in their work. Catholic scholars agree that he was really attracted by their extremism, for he was a harsh man. At first his defection was not really heresy, for he joined the Montanists before they were formally condemned; but he stayed with them after Montanus' writings had been declared heretical.

Tertullian was first of the Latin theological writers. Most Christian literature before him had been in Greek, though the Latin Bible already existed with some Latin works. St. Cyprian drew heavily from his doctrine. Tertullian was the most influential Catholic writer for about two centuries.

There are errors in his work, but he is a valuable witness of what the Church's teaching was when he makes Mary the mother of Christ, the second

Eve who by her obedience effaced the disobedience of the first Eve; he speaks eloquently of the sacraments of Baptism, Extreme Unction, Confirmation, Holy Orders, and Holy Eucharist; he testifies to the practice of daily Communion, and to the custom of preserving the Eucharist by private persons for daily Communion. He speaks of the Communion fast; recommends that the sign of the cross be made many times daily; is anxious that no particle of the Eucharist fall to the ground; he implies not merely belief in the Real Presence but in transubstantiation; he refers to offerings for the dead on their anniversaries.

Tertullian was a lawyer, and able to use both Latin and Greek. He was a learned man, with a good knowledge of Christian revelation. But he was not able to write with precision about some doctrines that arose when councils had acted and theologians had thought more deeply of the deposit of faith. He was befuddled about the virginity of Mary, though not about Christ's virginal conception.

His quarrel with the Church was that it was too lax in the reconciliation of sinners. He believed some sins to be unforgivable. He left the Montanists after a time, and founded his own little sect, the Tertullianists. The last fragment of this sect was reconciled to the Church by St. Augustine in the 5th century.

There have been a number of lesser Tertullians in history. One was Peter Waldo, who founded the Waldenses, a sect that began in the 12th century

and is still in existence. It is heard from now and then because, despite its own violent habit of insulting everything Catholic, it has a persecution complex.

Waldo, after reading the Gospels, took a vow of poverty in 1176, and gathered a following. At first the movement was merely a reaction against the pomp and wealth of medieval Churchmen. But Waldo was not a St. Francis of Assisi. In time he rejected the papacy, taught that the Church should have no property, denied purgatory, forbade necessary oaths and war service as sinful, ordered that good laymen do preaching and absolving, and claimed that evil priests were incapable of administering valid sacraments.

This movement started in Lyons, France, and spread to Spain, Bohemia, Lombardy, and other lands. Today it is found mainly in the Alps of Savoy. It was a holier-than-thou affair that lacked holiness itself. It became merely another Protestant sect shortly after the Reformation.

The most notable of all the fake puritans, however, were the Jansenists. They were heretics who thought they could get by with new doctrines without leaving the Church. Whether their founder was sincere or not is one of the disputed points of history. Most authorities think he was.

He was Cornelius Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, Belgium, a well-educated man who wrote several orthodox books. For 20 years he was a profound student of St. Augustine, whose works proved too profound for him. Jansen

compiled a book, *Augustinus*, on what he thought was Augustine's doctrine of grace, but he did not publish it. After his death in 1638 it was printed, and in 1641 it was prohibited by the Holy See. In 1653 five heretical propositions from it were condemned by the Pope.

Jansen, according to some, was never a formal heretic, but lived and died in the bosom of the Catholic Church and expressed undying loyalty and submission to the Church in his *Augustinus*. A suspicion that he knew well enough to what ends his doctrine could lead has, however, occasionally appeared in print.

There was sheer fanaticism in Jansenism. It denied free will and the possibility of resisting divine grace. Jansen also held that human nature has been completely corrupted by original sin; that man is not free to reject either grace or concupiscence, but must inevitably do either good or evil according as he is dominated by grace or concupiscence. This, of course, means no real free will. Jansen said that Christ did not die for all, but only for the predestined. His followers taught that the sacraments can be received only after long and severe preparation, and that Communion is to be regarded as a reward rather than a remedy. He held that God should always be addressed with fear and trembling.

The doctrine about fear of Communion was developed mostly by Antoine Arnauld in 1643, after the death of Jansen. It was bad, for it made Com-

munion far less frequent than it should be. The reason advanced was that man was not worthy to receive often. Under a pretense of high holiness, it cut off one of the chief channels of grace. Perhaps the infrequency of Communion among many adults up to a generation ago, and the postponement of First Communion to a late age in childhood (12 or 14), came indirectly from Jansenism.

The heresy had some distinguished defenders, even bishops. Among its proponents was Pascal, whose writings have passed into great literature because of their wit, clarity, and skillful play on human emotions.

No authority holds that the work of the Jansenists was altogether evil. Arnauld defended many Catholic doctrines against the Calvinists, and his work, with Nicole, on the perpetuity of the faith, contains one of the greatest defenses of the doctrine of the Eucharist. Quesnel was the last great scholar of the Jansenists, and he had both religious and political support. He said that all love except supernatural love is evil; also that every prayer made by a sinner is a sin. A famous papal Bull, *Unigenitus*, in 1719, condemned 101 propositions from Quesnel. There is a remnant of Jansenism still alive in a Dutch sect cut off from Rome. The Jansenists of late generations have been taken over largely by Modernism.

The lesson from all this is obvious. The Church might need reform every now and then on her purely human side, but not in doctrine.

The Dancing Disease

By JAMES A. TOBEY

Condensed from *Hygeia**

ONE of the strangest events of the Middle Ages was occurrence of a weird disease known as the dancing mania. It followed closely on the heels of the terrible Black Death of the 14th century, and soon became epidemic throughout Europe.

Large groups of persons were suddenly struck with the uncontrollable desire to dance wildly. They joined hands, formed circles, shouted, screamed, and danced in wild abandon until they fell exhausted to the ground hours later. The hysterical outbursts were accompanied by a swelling of the abdomen called tympany. This was treated by swathing the sufferer in tight bandages. Well-meaning bystanders frequently trampled on the unfortunate victims.

The disease began in Germany and was known as the dance of St. John or St. Vitus' dance. It was named after St. John the Baptist because his feast day had long been celebrated with revels and wild dances, some of which were relics of pagan times. People thought that anyone who sprang through the smoke of a fire lighted in honor of St. John on his day would be

free from disease for an entire year. From this superstition dances developed and eventually became so excessive that they were condemned by St. Augustine.

Saint Vitus became patron of those afflicted with the dancing mania because of a legend. Vitus, converted to Christianity in the 3rd century against the wishes of his family, suffered martyrdom. As he was about to be executed, he prayed to God to protect from the dancing disease all those who would solemnize the day of his martyrdom. In the legend his prayer was answered by a voice from heaven.

Today St. Vitus' dance is the popular name for acute chorea. It occurs chiefly in children and is marked by involuntary and irregular movements and twitchings, weakness of the muscles and other symptoms. Modern science thinks it is caused by bacteria, and it may be that the dancing mania of the Middle Ages followed infection by a bacillus or virus, then unknown.

In Italy the cause of the dancing mania was thought to be the poison from the bite of the tarantula. The disease was known there as tarantism. It gave rise to a number of musical

compositions known as tarantellas, some of which are played to this day. Music was thought to have value in treating the malady. Music and dancing were supposed to distribute the poison and cause it to be expelled from the skin. Acting on this theory, city magistrates sometimes hired orchestras to play for the dancers until they were exhausted.

Music seemed both to stimulate and soothe the victims of the dancing mania. The melodies were adapted to various types of the disease, being quick and lively or slow and measured, although the former were much more popular. Thus, there was the *panno rosso*, an impassioned style to which wild songs were adapted, and the *panno verde*, of milder lilt.

In Italian *panno rosso* means red cloth, *panno verde*, green cloth. The terms were chosen because colors seemed to influence the victims of the dancing disease. In Germany the St. John's dancers abhorred red, whereas the more excitable Italians favored this hue, and many were also devotees of green. According to contemporary accounts, patients who caught sight of their favorite colors would rush at them like animals, seizing the color, no matter to what or to whom it was attached. At sight of colors they disliked they flew into a rage and began their insane dancing.

In the 16th century medical science came forward with a cure. The remedy was proposed by a radical doctor named Theophrastus Bombast von Hohenheim, commonly known as

Paracelsus. It consisted of immersing the patient in ice-cold water, followed by a strict fast in solitary confinement. If and when the sufferer came back to his senses, he was allowed to go back to normal living.

It was not until the end of the 17th century that St. Vitus' dance and tarantism ceased to appear in epidemic form in Europe. Even after that the disease turned up occasionally. Early in the 18th century, a strange sect known as the Convulsionnaires appeared in France, inspired by a pious deacon who had died in 1727. People began to visit his tomb, where rumor had it that miracles were constantly occurring. The visitors began to develop spasms and convulsions and as the cult increased, groups of dancing adherents began to go about the country. The afflicted ones suffered from pains, which could be relieved only by a fellow member of the Order. This was done by beating the sufferer with clubs, hammers, and swords. This fantastic cult lasted until 1790.

During the French Revolution the sans-culottes who took part in it had a dance all of their own, the carmagnole, named after a Jacobin song. When this song was sung, the revolutionists danced in frenzy through the streets of Paris, showing the psychopathic manifestations which unrestrained mobs so often display.

The U. S. has not been free of dancing manias. About 1800 a series of camp meetings was held in Logan county, Kentucky, by the Rev. James McGready, a preacher of hideous vis-

age and thunderous tones. Under influence of his impassioned, lengthy oratory, members of the congregation were seized with tremors and convulsions. Some fell to the ground, while others arose and danced wildly.

From Kentucky this chorea spread to Tennessee and Virginia. A condition known as the "jerks" first appeared at a fervid camp-meeting in eastern Tennessee, affecting several hundred persons at the same time. At first there was only a spasmodic jerking of the head or arm, but later the entire bodies of the participants were jerked about with a vibrating snap. As the excitement increased they would dance more wildly. According to later medical reports, at one meeting in Kentucky no fewer than 3,000 persons were afflicted with the convulsions, an example of mass hysteria.

About two decades ago in the U. S. it was marathon dancing that became the foolish fad of the moment. The surgeon general of the U. S. Public Health service was quoted as saying that marathon dancing was a recurrence of the dancing mania of the Middle Ages. The fad died out after a brief period of unmerited popularity.

The proper kind of social dancing is a healthful and often artistic form of recreation. Dancing is an expression of the universal desire to show emotion by action. It may be stimulating or soothing, and frequently inspiring.

The people of the world have danced, for religious or social reasons, from time immemorial. Every nation has its folk dances, some savage and some stately and beautiful. In the period following the Middle Ages there were developed the minuet, the gavotte, and the pavane. Since then the polka, the fandango and bolero, the waltz, and many others including the American square dance have been popular. But some of our modern dances seem to have gone far back to the primitive for their inspiration.

The dancing mania of the Middle Ages was a manifestation of physical and emotional disease in a world exhausted by repeated epidemics and plagues. It came at a time when smallpox, leprosy, syphilis, St. Anthony's fire and numerous other maladies were epidemic or endemic. It is not likely that the world will see anything of this nature again, although who can tell?



Flat Flattery

A PRIEST of a church in Manhattan has always maintained to his many friends that he has never seen an ugly woman. An extremely flat-nosed woman approached him one day and said, "Father, I defy you not to find me ugly."

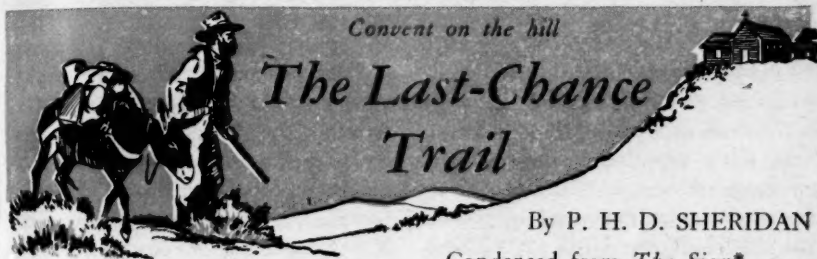
The kindly priest looked at the woman. "You are an angel fallen from heaven," he exclaimed, "only you landed on your nose."

David Deutsch.

cing
orm
sion
mo-
ting
ing.
ave
ons,
tion
and
the
ges
the
hen
ero,
ling
een
lern
k to

dle
ical
ex-
and
hall-
ny's
dies
not
ing
can

any
nan
y."
om
sch.



The Last-Chance Trail

By P. H. D. SHERIDAN

Condensed from *The Sign**

FIFTY-ONE years ago a wild-eyed, bearded man named Henderson stumbled down the frozen Yukon trail into Dawson City, blubbering, shouting, and screaming the magic word—gold! Then the world beheld one of the wildest, roughest, and most foolhardy treks in the history of the New World—the Alaska gold rush. Men and women from all walks of life answered the call of easy money. In '98 the only route into Dawson for nine months of the year was a frozen trail over mountains and across rivers. It usually took four to six weeks. Many died by the wayside with hardly a glance from the gold-crazy mobs.

One ship brought to Alaska a group of quiet, serene Sisters on their way to Dawson City. They stopped for a moment beside nameless graves and said prayers for those who never reached the El Dorados and bonanzas they so avidly sought.

A devout prospector who had struck it rich built a convent for the Sisters to be known as St. Mary's. You could throw a gold nugget straight down from the hill on which the convent stood into the Flora Dora hotel, where Klondike Kate and a lady named Lou

reigned. Here was the famous duck-board walk from the spot where Dangerous Dan McGrew got his.

Dawson City grew to a roaring 60,000 people. Saloons, dance halls and gambling dens stood one next to the other for a solid mile. "Tex" Rickard, Wilson Mizner, and Sam Broughton dealt cards that involved claims worth fortunes.

Ed Anderson, for instance, struck it rich, panning \$20,000 of gold in a month. He mushed down to Dawson to file his claim, but went on a binge—a \$100,000 binge. Someone knocked him on the head with a champagne bottle. He's never been able to remember since where his claim was.

A half-million dollars in gold has been taken from the Yukon, but most of the men who found it haven't 25¢. The population of Dawson City has shrunk to 500, and there are great rusty padlocks on the doors of ramshackle buildings that were once roaring saloons and gambling halls.

Yet, St. Mary's convent steadfastly remains and looks down on this crumbling town. Every spring another old-timer, whose rickety legs refuse to carry him out to his claim, toddles

*Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. May, 1949.

stubbornly along the rotting boardwalks into the friendly, patient care of the waiting Sisters.

In a few more years, there will be no more old-timers left. Those who footed it across snow-covered mountains in the Great Rush of '98 have spent every day of their adult lives chasing gold — finding it, but never holding on to it.

They will be buried in graves atop a green hill looking down on the junction of the Klondike and Yukon rivers. God's Claim, they call the spot.

The little band of Sisters alone has weathered the passing of the years. The Convent of St. Mary's stands at the end of Last Chance trail, a haven for those who sought an El Dorado and shall finally find it there.



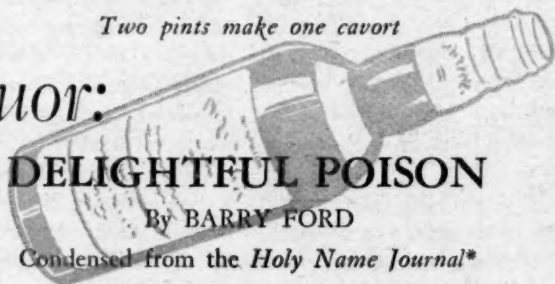
Two pints make one cavort

Liquor:

DELIGHTFUL POISON

By BARRY FORD

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**



TO THE Book of Kells, potatoes, and other things Irishmen have produced to make a happier world, historians now add *usquebagh*. That, at least, is what the drink was called when King Henry crossed the Irish Channel on the expedition known as the Conquest of Ireland. He found that the native sons battled better and wielded their shillelaghs more vigorously after a noggin of it. He stole the secret of its manufacture and brought it to England, where he renamed it *whisky*.

About beverages which the Bible says "may cheer the heart of man,"

the Church takes the attitude that all God's gifts to the world must be good because they came from Him. Only man's misuse makes them bad. Did not our Lord work His first miracle to provide supplies of wine so that a marriage feast might continue merrily?

Papal statements on drinking are rare, but Pope Innocent XI saw fit to say that "to eat and drink to repletion for pleasure alone is not a sin provided no harm is done to health, for one may lawfully enjoy the acts of natural appetite."

Masses of grape stones, skins, and

*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. May, 1949.

stems left by prehistoric peoples are evidence enough that the world was still young when men discovered liquor. Every spot on the globe has its own particular alcoholic drink which has evolved through local conditions of climate and material to suit the general needs of the people who brew it. Connoisseurs always recommend that travelers cannot do better than to drink the ordinary "wine of the country," an elastic term which includes the ale of England, the Scotch of its neighbor to the north, the bourbon of the U. S. There is nothing on the record to say what they think of Russian koumiss — mare's milk fermented with lumps of butter.

Everywhere but in the U. S., liquor is considered a necessity of life. To the peoples of the Mediterranean countries, whose water supply is often polluted and usually unpalatable, wine is essential. There is evidence in a Karnak temple, however, that overdrinking has always been a social problem. A carving shows a father, short-skirted in the style of 4000 B.C., mashing barley with his son and warning him, "Never let the drinking of beer overtake thee, my son, lest thou fallest and breaketh thy bones and none offers his hand to thee." The Cairo museum shows tables of the Babylonian law compiled more than 5000 years ago, which hold innkeepers responsible for riotous drinking, and imposes penalties ranging from amputation of a hand to death.

"Water," according to a schoolboy, "is composed of two gins, oxygen and

hydrogin. Oxygen is pure gin and hydrogen is gin and water." Gin is the poor man's tippie. It needs no aging. With some high-powered alcohol and a flavoring either of herb distillations or the easier bathtub method of adding essential oils, anyone can produce gin. Devised for the poor who could not afford costlier spirits, its base, a distillation of the lees of wine, is a vile mouthful that has to be doctored. Those who discovered gin worked hard and long before finally deciding that the juniper berry gave the best results. Holland is the land of its birth and because the juniper answers to the name *ginievere* there, to us it's gin, for short.

Rum is a name that the drink got from swashbuckling sailors who declared that the new drink, fermented juice of sugar cane, was "rumbullion" or "rumbatious." Rum has been a regular ration in the British navy since Admiral Vernon beat a plague of scurvy by giving the men rum instead of beer. They liked the change so well that rum has been called "grog" in His Majesty's navy ever since. The name is a tribute to the admiral, who was known as Old Grog because he customarily wore a coat of grogram material.

Most popular drinks with Americans are native whiskies. Bourbon, leader of the liquid hit parade, is made from corn mash, rye, and barley malt — corn predominating. Rye whisky is made from a mash of rye grain.

Our government regulations do a great deal to protect the drinker.

Whisky may be labeled "bonded" only if it is four or more years old and exactly 100 proof. *Proof* is a designation of alcoholic content. It is always twice the percentage of alcohol by volume, 100 proof bourbon is 50% alcohol.

It is a schoolboy boner that *straight* means without water. In the Liquor Control board's jargon it means that the whisky is at least two years old. Younger than that, it cannot be sold as straight. The term applies only to liquor that has gone straight from the barrel into bottles with nothing added after distillation except distilled water to adjust the proof.

The difference in liquor capacity among people was lately established by a Yale survey in which 50 men volunteered to be guinea pigs. The experiment found that, unlike food capacity, which doesn't necessarily vary between the small and big man, a big man can drink more. Because a small man has less blood, the effect of liquor is quicker in the little fellow.

The tests showed that even small shots dull a man's driving ability. For safety, one hour should elapse before a driver operates a car after taking a two-ounce drink of whisky; a two-hour period should elapse after four ounces, with an added hour for each added ounce.

Wine, say the experts, was discovered by a Persian king, Jemsheed, who was fond of grapes and tried to preserve some. An earthen vat was filled with muscatels and buried. Later, Jemsheed found the grapes fermented and

the juice unbearably bitter. He felt it might still have a value as poison. He ordered the vat emptied into bottles, and labeled "Poison."

One of his wives suffered greatly from headaches. One day, frantic with pain, she saw the bottles. Feeling that life wasn't worth the constant suffering, she emptied a whole bottle. But the drink changed her outlook so completely that she soon exhausted the supply. When Jemsheed discovered his poison had disappeared, and an explanation was made, he ordered fresh stocks put down. His stewards experimented until they had a sweet, delectable drink. Wine is still called *zeher-e-koosh*, or "delightful poison," in Persia.

Some authorities on this subject credit the Church for the high quality of certain wines and liquors. Because wine is necessary to our most sacred ceremony, Churchmen required perfection in its production ever since the first Christians took cuttings of vines from the Holy Land on their original missionary trips through the world.

An outstanding Benedictine, Dom Perignon, did much important work for wine makers. His 300th birthday, in 1939, was a national holiday in France. As cellarer at the abbey of Hautvilliers, near Epernay, from 1668-1715, one of his duties was to handle the wine which came to the abbey as tithes from the peasant *rentiers* who worked the vineyards. When he discovered that one farmer's wine was consistently full and rich while another brought in thin, dry wine, and

that a third wine had still another invariable peculiarity, he tried putting them all together in order to produce a uniform quality for monastery use. This first experiment in blending gave the wine industry its biggest help, and if Dom Perignon isn't the patron saint of winegrowers of France it is because someone else got the appointment first. This same Benedictine first used the bark of the cork tree as a bottle stopper, instead of oil-soaked tow.

The Franciscan Father Serra, who established the California missions in 1769, planted the vines that had spread into a several billion dollar industry when it was blighted by prohibition.

Taste in wine varies as in anything else, but those who think highly of the wines from Hungary's Tokay grapes have a champion in Pope Benedict XIV. Acknowledging a gift of Tokay from the Empress Maria Theresa, His Holiness wrote, "Happy is the country which produces it; happy is the queen who sends it; happier still am I who drink it."

St. Arnulf, the Metz monk, patron saint of brewers, got his rating probably for introducing a sprig of hops to the monastery brew, thus inventing lager beer.

Brandy came into existence when Dom Perignon wanted to share a bumper crop of grapes with a neighboring monastery. To facilitate transport, the monk decided to concentrate the essence of the grapes by heat. Then the other monastery would need only to add water to increase the quantity again. The concentrated product

proved to be a magnificent new drink. Because brandy is a narcotic it has a unique place in medicine chests as well as wine cellars. Sweden, in the past, has used it to buy wives; 26 bottles for a plain girl and 36 for a beauty.

Americans contributed cocktails to the world. During 1779 the French and American officers of Washington's army used Betsy Flanagan's tavern as a club where they could relax after one battle and prepare for another. Betsy had discovered that a mixture of liquors had a sharper effect than plain drinks. She called her concoctions *bracers*.

Cocktails were born at a time when food was scarce, and a Tory neighbor was the only one in the vicinity who had chickens. Betsy would have no truck with an enemy, but she needed some chickens and she thought necessity knew no law. One day, the Tory stormed into the tavern shortly after Betsy's customers had downed a good chicken dinner. He accused Betsy of having raided his chicken run. "If I find a red feather on your premises I'll know you stole my chickens," he shouted. "There isn't a red chicken, excepting mine, within 50 miles."

After he left the tavern without finding any red feathers, Betsy invited the officers to the bar. Each bottle of bracer she brought out was decorated with a red cock's tail. When one of the French officers began the toasts with "*Vive le cocktail*," he hit upon the name for mixed drinks which has stuck ever since.

Of Scotland's fine whisky, there is

a drink made which the ghillies use as a medicine for every human ill and the lairds regard as a superior liquor. Proper portions of whisky, honey, and time, in a stone jar, produce a powerhouse they call *brose*.

Like St. Paul, the Yale experts declared that moderate amounts of alcohol are an aid to digestion. They say also that too much alcohol halts the digestive processes, "but for people past middle age it is one of the safest sedatives."

Louis Pasteur called wine "the most healthful and hygienic of beverages," and he bolstered the statement with statistics of the Bordeaux district, where claret is part of the daily diet and where there are twice more octogenarians per unit of population than anywhere else in the world.

Mass wine must, according to canon law, be pure grape juice, extracted from ripe fruit which has passed

through the natural period of fermentation. Without the process of fermentation, the juice of the grape does not constitute true wine. Kind or color of grape wine does not affect its validity for consecration. Its alcoholic content must not exceed 12%. Soured wine is invalid for use in the Mass, and no chemical process may be used to restore it.

Missioners in faraway places where grapes are unknown and transport of wine is impossible are permitted by the Holy See to make their own wine from sun-dried raisins.

Probably the Church's attitude to prohibition has seldom been covered so blithely as by the late Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis when reporters besieged him for a statement. "It is a far better thing," His Excellency wisecracked, "to take the man away from the drink than the drink away from the man."



Identification Positive

WHEN my sister was invested in the Religious habit, even the small fry of the family were present for the occasion. Although a year had passed, a three-year-old nephew recognized her immediately. Despite the newly acquired robes, he greeted her with such childish enthusiasm that her starched coif was limp and the veil pulled awry.

One of the older nuns, looking on with amusement, teased him, "You don't know who that is." "Yes, I do, too," he insisted, hanging on to my sister's hand. "Oh, no, you don't," another laughingly reiterated.

To my sister's encouraging "Of course he remembers me," he agreed, looking up at her with an angelic smile, "Sure I do; you're the one that always wore the shorts."

A. L. Raley.

Religious Emphasis Week

By BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

Condensed chapter of a book*

Nor long ago, while I was lecturing in Megalopolis, I was asked to help in what was called "Religious Emphasis Week" at the nearby University of Suburbia. This great factory of learning comprises a college of liberal arts, graduate and professional schools, and a business school that turns out hundreds of sales experts. Factory-like buildings of a new engineering college cover acres of what was once a pleasant campus lawn. Thousands of its young women students are justly famed for their fresh charm. In short, it is noted for almost everything that America expects from an institution of higher learning.

This University of Suburbia was about to spend a few days considering the Deity. The "week" was to be four days long. On the opening night a Protestant minister, a Jewish rabbi, and a Catholic priest were to speak at a "monster mass meeting" and tell how their faiths agreed with one another (but, curiously enough, not how they differed). On the following days there were to be three great "discussion sections," in which the undergraduates were to advise one another on how to apply religion to the solu-

CATHOLICS should know more of Bernard Iddings Bell. A prominent non-Catholic clergyman and educator, consultant on education to the Episcopal Bishop of Chicago, Dr. Bell fights for the same things as we in education. His recent book *Crisis in Education: A Challenge to American Complacency* attacks current practices in secular education. His position on religious education backs up our own. This chapter from his book satirizes university attitudes toward religion.

tion of problems: racial, international, sexual and marital, economic and industrial; and those who cared to do so were to consider "how to bring religion into harmony with science." On the last night a pageant of religion, put on with the aid of the department of speech, was to make plain by drama and dance the glory of God and the pertinency of faith.

The young man who came to me was the official mobilizer, the "coordinator of denominational religious activities" on the Suburbia campus. He showed no sign of having studied theology, and he had no academic distinction of any sort. But everyone said he was a wonder at getting things

**Crisis in Education*. Copyright, 1949, by the author. Published by Whittlesey House, 330 W. 42nd St., New York City, 18. 237 pp. \$3.

going and keeping them moving. I couldn't discover just what things he had set in motion or where they were supposed to move to.

I asked this high-powered gentleman if the students who would attend all this knew anything about religion. He supposed they knew as much as anybody needed to know about such matters. Did I not realize that in this modern day it is applied religion that youth is interested in, not the theoretical or dogmatic or ritualistic phases of the subject?

The "program of activities" (it was his favorite phrase) had been devised by the Christian Association. It was a good program. Would I kindly write a boost of myself to go along with a picture? Would I address a faculty luncheon toward the close of the week, to "mobilize the staff into an enthusiastic backing up of God?" He would do all in his power to get the faculty out in large numbers to hear my pep talk for the Almighty.

The week turned out to be about what any thoughtful person would have expected. There were posters on every bulletin board. There were advertisements and inspired editorials in the student daily rag. Every device for publicity was used; some were ingenious.

The opening meeting had about 350 present—out of a staff of more than 500, plus 6,000 resident students. To this meager throng, scattered sparsely in a large auditorium, the minister gave what was evidently an old sermon out of the barrel, on "Love." The

priest, embarrassed by instructions to be "not dogmatic nor sectarian nor too highbrow," endorsed brotherhood and tolerance. The rabbi warned that the Jews were unjustly persecuted and that the Christians had better lay off. The audience then dispersed, with an air of having done its embarrassing duty, and the janitor turned out the lights.

The discussion sections, led by local ministers, each had about 200 present the first day, half of that the next, a handful the third. At every fraternity and sorority house, each night after dinner, a visiting minister or a representative of some denomination helped the brothers or sisters, who had no dates that evening, pool their ignorance and prejudices in what is generally called a "bull session." The final pageant got a fair-sized crowd. It was pretty and sentimental; the exact meaning of it no one seemed able to figure out. This ended the student part of Religious Emphasis Week in the University of Suburbia.

"Are you satisfied?" I asked the hard-hitting coordinator.

"Well," he admitted, "the crowd did not turn out. I guess maybe it's this postwar uncertainty that's the trouble. But anyway this university has recognized God, and that matters a lot. Now for the faculty luncheon. That's where you shine."

"Will there be anyone there, do you suppose?" I asked.

"We have sent a post card to every man and every woman on the staff. You'll see."

I did. Seventy sat down to the meal. Fourteen were local ministers and religious workers, not university people at all. Nine were nonteaching employees; stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks. Of the 47 faculty members present (out of more than 500) 18 were instructors. That left 29 of professorial rank. Only one was head of a department. The president, who had told me a few days before how glad he was that his university was "showing in this week its true interest in religion," sent word at the last moment that he had to be at a finance-committee meeting in the city and could he please be excused.

Well, there was nothing to lose by frankness; I might as well open up boldly. There were not many present, but word would get around the campus, never fear. And so, after the usual polite palaver and professional joke or two, I began in earnest. The following is the substance of what I had to say.

The American university, I began, of which Suburbia is not untypical, does not in reality care a button about religion. It doesn't regard religion as an experimental technique which, along with science and the arts, helps man to understand the universe. It looks on religion as a minor amusement, like china painting or playing the flute, pleasant for those who enjoy that sort of thing but not an intellectual or a practical necessity.

Not all are as honest about it as the U.S. Coast Guard academy in New London, Conn. In its catalogue for 1947 the sole mention of religion is

under "The Amenities." The first amenity listed is dancing. The second, the only other one which appears, is religion. Incidentally, this academy offers no study of philosophy in general or morals in particular, although its graduates are eventually to be uniformed officers of the U.S. They will defend our country and present, supposedly, the American point of view to their enlisted men and to the world at large.

Universities are dropping religion to a minor, hardly more than microscopic, place in the curriculum. It is made an elective study for a few specialists to pursue; used chiefly to prepare young men to become clergymen; and providing as religious nurture for the general mass of university people such nonsense as the Religious Emphasis Week now ending.

This indifference is due, I went on to say, not so much to the American university's forgetfulness of God as to its debased conception of man. It assumes that man, obviously one of the animals, is only an animal, and that his happiness, significance, greatness are to be achieved by providing him with the increasing satisfaction of his animal appetites. Education, so it thinks, is the helping of boys and girls and men and women to satisfy these essential hungers without indigestion.

The university of today forgets that man has other hungers which lower animals do not have. If he is not taught how to satisfy those hungers, he remains individually absent-minded, socially dangerous and disruptive.

The true business of a university is to see that men and women learn first of all how to feed the extra-animal hungers.

These "human" hungers are three: the hunger for meaning, for love, for creative craftsmanship. By feeding these hungers man can arrive at a life that makes sense in spite of the frustration which ends every human career, in spite of death.

The hunger for meaning. Every man asks "Why?" He wonders about the whyness of his world and himself. Man as a scientist dwells on the level of fact. Man as a philosopher passes to the level of significance.

Because philosophy cries aloud the primacy of "Why?" over "What?" philosophy matters less and less in academic halls, in university activities and icy committees and boards of trustees. They are wise in their generation. One can easily get money nowadays for engineering training, for applied science generally, for courses in manufacturing and buying and selling; it is not hard to get money for such teachings as will deposit a thin veneer of alleged culture on the surface of essentially animalistic young ladies and young gentlemen; but it is harder than pulling teeth to stir up interest in philosophy, to get endowment or even current support for the teaching of it. For the study of the "Why?" of things, moreover, student customers are few and fees meager, while for the study of facts and techniques there is a ready, abundant market. One cannot blame the adminis-

trators of education too readily for their lack of concern about the meaning of the universe or the meaning of man. But one does have a right and duty to object to their advancing little more than man's physical prosperity while still claiming that they are truly concerned with liberal learning, with the education of free men, with the maturing of man as man. In the name of the searching and questioning spirits of the ages, in the name of all truth seekers past, present, and yet to be born, one ought to object to the use of such rubbish as Religious Emphasis Week to cover up malpractice.

The hunger for love. Men have dreamed great dreams, written poems, done heroic deeds, found consuming joy in love. Love goes beyond mere glandular stimulation. By virtue of it the strong pours himself out for the weak; the wise for the foolish; the good for the wicked. If he has not the opportunity to develop and exercise such love, man crawls through life with hidden shame, making excuses to himself, rationalizing his failure.

Does the modern university seriously try to give its students or, for that matter, its cooperating scholars a sense of the driving power of the hunger to love? To do this might bring down on administrative heads the wrath of those who control present-day society and who would have all men live in terms of gain or power or applause. No one has a right to object to a university, if it so desires, going along with a state of things in which nearly everyone is out to grab all that

he can in return for the least investment. But one has a right to be indignant when a university which encourages its students to sell their potentialities in sacrificial love for a mess of pottage has the effrontery to bid them remember briefly, four days a year, the primacy of God who is the selfless Lover. There are limits to a properly tolerated indecency.

A university's irreligion is measured by the extent to which it lets scholars ignore the study of how God intends man to behave himself. In the University of Suburbia, for example, out of 6,000 students only 42 were giving time to ethical study. It makes an honest man angry to see a university indifferent to ethics, a university which has abandoned its proper job and become scarcely more than a training school for plumbers. How revolting it is to see such a university indulge for a few days in "emphasizing God." If I were a member of the faculty, I should think it necessary to raise merry hell about it.

But religion is not merely moral science. Religion has to do not only with knowing what the good life is but with living it when one discovers what it is. Man soon comes to realize that without help from whatever is greater than man (and certainly greater than man's environment) he is not likely to become and remain a seeker for meaning, a lover, creator. Even learned scholars know that, if left unaided, courage fails when they contemplate the vastness of truth and the difficulty of learning and living, and

their mortality. They know that weakness of will makes the compromises which they rightly despise.

If these things are indeed so, I concluded, then a Religious Emphasis Week in which students are urged to talk like babies in a kindergarten about God and the good life, flounder about in bull sessions, listen to ministerial banalities, watch pageants as trivial as they are pretty, is an evasion and a subterfuge. The learned gentlemen present should get busy right away and demand for themselves and their pupils an approach to religion worthy of what pretends to be a home of higher culture.

With those words I sat down. All over the room faculty members were demanding to speak. I prepared to defend myself, but they all agreed with me, including one well-known skeptic who told me afterward that he had come only in order to get material for later waggery at the University club. Nor was the interest confined to those at the luncheon. I was interviewed and dined for two weeks by faculty men and women who had not been there that noon but who had heard tales. I was invited by professors to speak in philosophy classes, history classes, English classes, to one class in pure science, always on religion and the good life.

Of course nothing came of it really. The great machine went lumbering on its way. The University of Suburbia is at the moment laying various plans for next year's Religious Emphasis Week.

Snatch and carry

STORE DETECTIVES

By EUGENIE GLUCKERT

Condensed from the *Queen's Work**

THE aristocratic, well-dressed, elderly gentleman stepped from the department-store elevator and walked briskly through the lobby to the street. Customers scarcely noticed him. As the old gentleman stopped at the curb, a detaining hand was laid on his shoulder and a modulated voice said, "Come quietly, please."

Several minutes later, in the manager's office, the man was searched. The search revealed thousands of dollars worth of fur neckpieces hanging neatly from jumbo safety pins attached to the lining of the gentleman's overcoat. The benign-looking gentleman was a professional shoplifter; an alert store detective had spotted him in the act.

Shoplifters are considered high class in the underworld. Every year they fleece merchants of goods running into millions of dollars. The big department stores are their happy hunting grounds. The large stores employ detectives to combat them.

Two of the country's keenest and busiest store detectives are Bertha Schottmiller and Katharine Garrity. Employed

by one of the nation's oldest and largest department stores, they have been operating for more than a quarter century.

Store detectives operate individually and in pairs—two men, two women, or as man and wife. They never apprehend a thief at the scene of the crime. Usually he is tailed to an upper or lower floor or out of the building before being nabbed.

A detective must see the act committed. But acts are not always what they seem. A young woman was looking at compacts. The counter was crowded; impatiently she handed the salesgirl, who was waiting on another customer, a \$1 bill, and stuck the compact in her purse. A store detective noticed the salesgirl had not been wait-

ing on her; he followed her outside, and accused her of stealing the compact. Furious, she demanded to be taken to the president's office. There she proved her honesty, for the salesgirl remembered her. The woman threatened to have her husband, a prominent business executive, sue the company. To pacify her for



the humiliation, the company's president offered her anything in the store as a gift. She took a piano. Such costly mistakes, however, are infrequent.

It seems that detectives just don't believe in kleptomania. To them it's merely the psychologists' polite term for stealing. "Shoplifters take anything. Genuine kleptos," Miss Garrity says, "always steal the same kind of article. Actually, there are very few kleptomaniacs."

Detective Schottmiller recalled an elderly society lady, wife of a prominent lawyer, who always took shoes. She was a real kleptomaniac. When she died, detectives found more than 50 pairs of shoes in her home, all brand new.

Sometimes it happens that preoccupied or absent-minded persons are shoplifters unintentionally. Detective Garrity remembered a young lady who looked over the assortment at a bag sale, chose one, hung it on her arm, and then walked over to a display on a near-by table. Then, without making a purchase, she walked away, the bag still on her arm. The detective let her go because somehow she knew the girl would be back. Half an hour later the girl did return, all apologies, and paid for the bag. She had discovered it on her arm, price tag and all, upon entering a drugstore.

"Professional shoplifters steal anything from earrings to pianos," Miss Garrity said. "Believe it or not, just six months ago a shoplifter successfully carted home a baby grand. The thief had been employed by the delivery

firm holding the store's contract. It was simple for the ex-truck driver to make out a fake bill of lading and secretly borrow one of the firm's trucks. The store's shipper, unaware of the thief's job status, let him haul the piano away. When the purchaser complained of non-delivery, the error was discovered and the detectives went to work. They traced the thief to his home, found the evidence in his garage.

Shoplifters use many tricks, but store detectives know them all. A common ruse is the folding-handkerchief pose. The thief places his hand, palm down, on the counter and stealthily, inch by inch, draws the object to it. When it is safely balled up in his palm he produces a handkerchief and places it over the object. Then, dabbing his nose for a second, he returns the handkerchief, with the stolen object it hides, to his pocket.

One of the cleverest of tricks is that of the person who rents adjoining hotel rooms for a day. He telephones a department store, orders a full wardrobe, complaining that his luggage has been lost. Pretending to be pressed for time, he asks the store to send the goods over immediately, c.o.d. When the messenger arrives, the "customer" asks for a few moments to try the clothes on for size. Going into the bath, the person puts on all the new clothing, unlocks the door to the connecting room, and makes his exit. The hotel manager and messenger are left holding the bag.

Each week the store's chief of detec-

tives assigns the members of his force to the various departments. Each detective must make a stipulated number of arrests, and if one consistently falls short of this quota he or she is fired.

Ace store detective Katharine Garrity was born in Ireland, the youngest of a Catholic family of 13. As a young girl she came to America and got a job as waitress in Philadelphia. One day a customer said to her, "You'd make a good detective. Why don't you apply for a job?" Katharine applied for the post of house detective in the store in which she now works.

She had what it takes: appreciation of human nature, alertness, keen memory, old-fashioned horse sense, and down-to-earth psychology. She was put on for a six months' probation period, during which time she could not make arrests. She was teamed with an experienced operative. In her first week on duty she made her first apprehension, something of a record for a rookie. Katharine remembers the case well. A girl pocketed several pairs of silk stockings. Detective Garrity tailed her to the street and accused her. The girl swung with her right and landed Miss Garrity on the sidewalk. In falling, she managed to catch the thief's skirt and pull her down. The commotion attracted the attention of a traffic cop who stepped in and made the arrest.

Bertha Schottmiller, the other half of the ace team, is a native of Philadelphia and a product of St. Mary's parochial school in suburban Roxborough. Her first job was selling yard

goods in the store in which she still works. As a salesgirl she noticed how many times ribbons and even bolts of goods disappeared. Frequently she gave the detectives hot tips. Her alertness was brought to the attention of the store's chief of detectives who offered her a job on the force. She grabbed the opportunity and was given the customary six months' probation.

Detective Schottmiller can't very well forget her first case. Two women came into the dress department, chose four dresses valued at \$69.95 each, and took them into the fitting rooms. Instead of wearing them under their dresses, they simply bundled them into an old newspaper and brazenly departed. The detective followed them to the street, chased them to a busy intersection where they were delayed by a traffic signal. There she caught them, but the women struggled to get away. During the fight, Miss Schottmiller recovered the evidence. A policeman came over and she quickly asked him to make the arrest. But the women accused *her* of being the shoplifter. Pointing to the bundle, they demanded that he arrest the detective. Miss Schottmiller finally came out on top. At the subsequent court hearing it was learned that the two women were seasoned shoplifters with prison records.

Chief Tom Martin, head of the store's bureau, advises anyone interested in becoming a store detective to first obtain a department-store job. All detective jobs are now filled by em-

ployees. Any ambitious young man or woman who shows initiative and ability will soon be noticed and given opportunity when detective vacancies occur.

Because some folks are always trying to get something for nothing, detectives are kept very busy. Through the years our detective duo have recov-

ered millions of dollars worth of stolen property for their employer. But they are not nearly so proud of this fact as they are of their splendid record in helping those who have stepped off the narrow path to get back onto it again. They have successfully convinced them that in this life you never get anything for nothing.



This Struck Me

Francis Beauchesne Thornton's recent book is not merely a chart for an approach to Catholic culture—the culture of the complete man—even more it is a panoramic synthesis of old and modern thought. One passage is the core. Its beauty and its truth struck me.*

Do you ever think what the Church is, or value at its true worth your membership in that august body? She is the Church that converted the whole Roman world. She is the Church that fought the heresies and kept the pure flame of Christ's doctrines alive, even as she lit a new fire of civilization in a world that lay waste and sacked and smoking. She is the Church who tilled the fields and made the roads, the Church who built the libraries, schools, and hospitals. Whether she worked in Romanesque, Gothic or Baroque, she not only built, but sang poems to beauty and God. Workers in mosaic and stone, in paint and tapestry, the greatest names in art—they are her sons. The first scientists and doctors; the poets, teachers and students are but part of the manifesta-

tion of her enormous energy and the fruits by which all men shall know her. She searched the Scriptures and philosophies; she enunciated the songs and wrote the tragedies and comedies; her saints were remembered when kings were forgotten. She was splendid, too, in her own interior richness of life. Her mystics brought to every age of her existence that perpetual reassurance of eternal life and reality which Dives had craved. Her liturgy grew in richness of poetry, in accretion of symbol and depth of meaning; her philosophy as it is summed up in such men as Augustine and Aquinas has stood the test of time. These are some of your riches as Catholics. You belong to the oldest, most cultured living institution in the western world.

**How To Improve Your Personality By Reading (1949, Bruce, Milwaukee. \$2.50).*

For similar contributions of this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

Pop's Little Town

By WALTER SULLIVAN, O.S.B.

Condensed from *The Grail**

FIFTY long years ago, 10-year-old Frankie Schmidt hammered out a discarded baking-powder can into an automatic pump. He actually got it to pump water by attaching the works of an ancient but serviceable alarm clock.

Little by little he built a village. Hundreds of tiny figures peopled it. Miniature trains and streetcars and trucks ran up and down its terraced avenues. A score of tiny houses lined its streets. Today the little town is a child's dream come true.

Pop Schmidt's first houses were modeled from old scraps of iron and wood, bits of cardboard, and wires. As the project grew, Pop's genius found a way to get some life into his town. He experimented with machinery until he got one figure after another to walk about. Now he needs only to press one electric switch and almost half the town's 1,000 residents go about their business with startling realism, and the city's operations function like magic.

This little town covers a wooden table 14x6 feet, and fills half a large



room at the Schmidt home at 936 Charles St. in Louisville, Ky. It has the most extraordinary plant that ever powered a city; Pop collected flashlight batteries, old sewing-machine parts, bits of copper wires, string, thread spools and a radio amplifier, and strung them all together on a rolling pin. That's the hub of the power

system that lights streets and houses, operates the tiny figures on a dance floor, and furnishes motion to a steamboat, streetcar, train, and parade of motor vehicles which run up and down the streets. One large motor and eight small auxiliary motors, some of them salvaged from cast-off slot machines, are fed by the house current.

Pop's little town has no name, but it might be called Bethlehem. It is a strange Bethlehem, for this toy town abounds with delightful contradictions of geography and history. The Christ Child is in a manger in the foreground. Turbaned Wise Men from the East ride their camels into a Bethlehem where a streetcar runs back and forth on a 20th-century

bridge; shepherds of the 1st century enter a stable bounded on one side by a modern amusement park where children frolic on a merry-go-round and where couples waltz slowly in a dance pavilion while a frisky orchestra conductor directs his players. A little to the left of the stable several modish figures stand on the porch of a hotel. This hotel could never have been doing business on the first Christmas because it bears the familiar name "Kentucky Tavern Whiskey."

To see Pop's little town is to watch 28 minutes of drama climaxing with the birth of the Saviour. The action opens at daybreak. The first citizens to start work are three tiny industrious tailors in a shop in the foreground.

Through an open front of the shop spectators can see a man push a small iron back and forth over a piece of cloth; beside the ironing board another tailor slowly stitches a suit of clothes, while a third measures a customer.

Below the tailor shop is a small lake filled with fish. On its bank sits a patient citizen slamming a stick at a tiny frog which hops off a rock into the water. The would-be frogcatcher has missed the frog every time for nearly 23 years, and unless the machinery breaks down he will always miss it.

On the upper right side of the village stands a lagoon where a steamboat circles a little island and goes under an iron bridge. The boat lights up at night. Running across the fancy bridge is a 1916 model streetcar. Above the stable, to the left, a small

engine pulls several freight cars and a caboose around a hill into a tunnel.

As night falls, about ten minutes after the village "wakes up," lights begin to flicker out. The frog stops popping out of his hole, and the dancers' feet are still. Even the busy tailors put down their work and rest. Dusk deepens into darkness as one by one the lights go out, and the sky background appears filled with blinking stars. Finally, one large star outshines the rest as three small figures on camels appear in the background coming over the mountain. The Wise Men are coming.

As the holy moment draws near, a light in the wooden tower attached to the stable goes on, revealing an angel who rings a tiny bell in the tower. The elfin-like sound echoes over the darkened town for several minutes as a prelude to the birth of our Lord. Pop is working out a device to start off a recording of the abbey bells of St. Meinrad at this part of the drama.

Suddenly the heavens open over the mountains, and two angels appear, swaying gently from side to side, keeping time to the strains of "Glory to God in the highest." This lovely musical background is from a record made by the sopranos of the St. Meinrad chancel choir.

Light goes on in the stable and the shepherds move in from the left, while the Wise Men advance from the right until they stand behind the manger. While clear angelic voices fill the room, the figure of the Child in the crib opens and closes its tiny arms.

Events move to a swift conclusion after the Nativity scene. The stable grows dark as the shepherds and Wise Men leave; the great star overhead slowly fades from sight and the heavens close over the adoring angels. A new moon appears in the sky, bathing the little town with a phosphorescent glow. The cycle of action is completed as dawn approaches.

Nothing gives Mr. Schmidt more pleasure than to take a group of visitors on a tour through his town. One Sunday he entertained 700 visitors. Before and after Christmas his home is seldom without sightseers. Sunday-school teachers bring their classes, nuns their pupils, and parents their children. The spirit of Christmas never departs from the Schmidt household. In January a Catholic bishop from New Guinea was Pop's guest; the bishop squatted on the floor and watched the panorama with the absorption of a child at the circus.

"If I only had this whole thing down in New Guinea and could show

it to the natives, how easy it would be to teach them the story of the Incarnation!" These were the bishop's enthusiastic words as he was leaving.

Few can look upon the scene unmoved. Once a colored minister was present; when he saw the heavens open up and heard the music he began to jump up and down like a child on Christmas morning, and yelled, "Oh, just look at that!"

Pop resists all efforts to get him to commercialize the project. He was once offered a generous commission if he would dismantle his little town and set it up in Macy's department store in New York City, but he refused. He shrugs his shoulders when such offers are made and says, "Why should I make it a business? I do it because I love to, and since I've been laid up it has been a source of pleasure and enjoyment for me."

Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt have five living children, four are Benedictine Religious. One daughter is married and has four children.



¿Habla Vd. Español?

SHINING brilliantly in the Texas sun is the white church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help at Sasпамco. This church was erected by Redemptorist missionaries in 1930 to serve the Mexican factory and farm workers of the area. Visitors invariably remark about the odd Spanish name, *Sasпамco*. But they are quickly brought to earth with the explanation of the word's origin: "San Antonio Sewer Pipe and Machine Co." The company donated the ground on which the church stands.

G. J. Corbett in (the Liguori, Mo.) *Perpetual Help* (May '49).

The doctor tries the cure

Flying Medics

By DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

Condensed from
*Air Force**



THE new bombers and the supersonic jets are born in the conference rooms of the Pentagon and on the drawing boards at Wright Field. The planners don't leave much to chance. By the time the newest plane is ready to test its wings, they know just about how fast it will go, how high and how far, and what its job will be.

But people have to fly those planes. People have to go to 40,000 feet, up where you can take an acre of sky and not find enough air to whistle *Yankee Doodle*. What happens to a man up there? And what happens to a man traveling at speeds greater than sound, and what about the pressure, and what should he wear, and what should he eat, and what special equipment does he need? These questions and many others are being answered at the School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Texas. The answers they come up with tell as much about the shape of tomorrow's plane as the data which comes from the laboratories and wind tunnels at Wright Field.

Experiments at Randolph Field are being conducted by flight surgeons

who are themselves being trained to meet the new medical problems that go hand in hand with the ultramodern warplane.

At the Randolph Field school, you'll find today's flight surgeon riding long-range missions in B-50's, and the big and mighty B-36's. Sometimes they fly to Tokyo, half way around the world, and back. Those are not pleasure cruises: assigned work as a crew member, little sleep, high altitudes for long stretches, breathing pure oxygen until the lips blister and sting and the tongue tastes like too many cigarettes, all are part of the trip. Or maybe it's the front cockpit of a new two-place jet job whipping around the sky in loops, dives, spins, and flip-flops that turn your insides outside-in. But when they come down, the "flying doc" knows firsthand what air crews are up against.

The new system is working. A cadet out for his wings at Randolph Field was grounded because of a heavy head cold. He is an ex-sergeant tail gunner who flew more than 100 missions during the war. In those days he didn't think much of his flight surgeon. "The guy didn't know a thing about flying;

*1616 K St., N.W., Washington, 6, D. C. March 31, 1949.

he'd never been off the ground," was the way he put it. But the student has a lot of respect for his present flight surgeon who gave him the red light at San Antonio. "I know this guy," the cadet explained. "He just got back from a long flight himself. He looked like a dishrag. When he says I'm to stay on the ground, brother, I stay. He knows what he is talking about."

The story of a laboratory is always an exciting one, but at Randolph Field it is exceptionally so. Here men experiment upon themselves.

A big, high-walled room has a temperature far below zero, and the frost on the windows is so thick you have to scrape it off to get a peek inside. In it a group of snow-covered men in fur-lined clothing are going through an assigned routine. One is lying on a stretcher. The others are bending over him, splinting his leg. They work fast because of the cold. When the splint is properly in place, they lift the "wounded" man and carry him to another corner. Here they break out canned food and feed him. Then they set up a small tent-like shelter made from a parachute, and build a fire. The patient rests comfortably and one of the men lights a cigarette for him. After a five-minute break, the whole procedure is repeated while a man with a stop watch times them again. It is all part of the Arctic technicians' training course where men are taught how to work and live in the extremely cold weather which a crew might find if it were forced down in the Arctic circle.

Not far from the frigid chamber is a tall tower-like contraption which looks like a French guillotine. It works on the principle of a pile driver. A chair-like device is drawn up the tower and dropped with a terrific impact. Its purpose is to simulate the impact of rough landings at high speeds.

In another laboratory a man climbs into a mock fighter-plane cockpit, complete with all auxiliary equipment, and located inside a huge, low-pressure chamber. They can take the dummy cockpit up to a simulated 50,000 feet in minutes. The cockpit has its own pressure system and the occupant can breathe normal air at normal pressures even though he is flying at a simulated 40,000 feet. But there is a catch to it. In the front of the cockpit, which is sealed tight, is a small opening covered with thin material. At a critical altitude, someone breaks the covering tissue and the decompression sets in rapidly within the cockpit. This is what might happen to a pressurized cabin hit by an antiaircraft shell.

The pilot grabs for his oxygen mask and snaps it on. He doesn't suffer any ill effects other than a sudden gushing of air to his cheeks and slight gas pains. Using different types of masks, and timing the speeds of the pilot's reactions, the flying docs are learning more and more about the effects of decompression and ways to avoid its harmful effects.

Inside a pressure chamber, a group of students try something else. At 40,000 feet, one of the men takes off

his mask, stands up, and tries to walk across the chamber. As his face grows purple, he stumbles, falls down, crawls a few feet and passes out from lack of oxygen. The time: 55 seconds. They clamp a mask to his face and as he sucks in pure oxygen, color returns to his face. How long can a man get by without an oxygen mask at various altitudes? This is one of the questions answered here.

Classroom tests are equally rugged. One day, during a psychology lecture, the professor was talking about fear, which sometimes overcomes the best of pilots. He told his pupils that strange expressions came over the faces of frightened men and that from these expressions, certain facets of a man's character reveal themselves. He rattled off words with no one in the class really paying attention. Suddenly there was a crash. The door burst open. A man in a prisoner's uniform rushed into the room with a guard in hot pursuit, gun blazing. Some students "hit the dirt," others ran for the door.

"It's all right," boomed the lecturer. "It's a frame-up. We've got motion-picture cameras turned on you so that you can see what you look like in a tough situation."

The Department of Global Medicine is primarily concerned with the feeding of airmen. Its experiments break down nicely into three divisions: pre-flight feeding, in-flight feeding and post-flight feeding. They have

already found that if you stuff a pilot full with a good, hearty meal before take-off, he is less subject to fatigue than a man who has just had a snack. A good meal also lets the flier go up an extra 1,000 feet. That could easily be an important, decisive edge in air combat.

And consider the problem to be solved with planes like the B-36, which have long-range potentials that may keep them in the air for 48 hours or more. How do you feed a crew of 15 a total of 135 meals? Various menus are being worked out: fruit juices, cereal and coffee for breakfast; sandwiches and a hot drink for lunch; and a substantial hot dinner in the evening. For days at a stretch doctors put themselves on "in-flight diets" testing various combinations of foods until they hit on a practical diet which gives greatest nourishment and satisfaction.

These are only some of the experiments being conducted at the School of Aviation Medicine. The modern airplane has made obsolete many of the medical concepts and procedures of the war years. It is reasonable to say that the flying doc is working under the strongest of pressures, because unless he can come up with new equipment and up-to-the-minute medical know-how, the speed and ceiling of the plane of tomorrow will be limited, not by what the craft itself can take, but by how much punishment the human body and mind can absorb without injury.



Trials of a Translator

By RONALD KNOX

Condensed chapter of the book*

I HAVE spent the last nine years, when not otherwise employed, in translating the Holy Bible from beginning to end. I could have made rather better time if it had not been for the necessity of replying, sometimes in print but far more often in private correspondence, to the criticisms and queries of the public.

You see, it is no ordinary task. If you translate, say the *Summa* of St. Thomas, you expect to be cross-examined by people who understand philosophy and by people who understand Latin; but by no one else. If you translate the Bible, you are liable to be cross-examined by anybody; because everybody thinks he knows already what the Bible means. And the form which these questions take is a very interesting one; nearly always it is, "Why did you alter such and such a passage?" Why did I alter it? When you say you are going to translate the Bible, why do people assume that you do not mean to do anything of the kind. They think you mean to revise the existing translation, with parts of which we are all familiar; changing a word here and a word there, like a compositor cor-

recting proofs with a pair of tweezers. The more you plagiarize from the work of previous interpreters, the better your public will be pleased.

In all translation, you must find out what the original means; you must try to express in your own language what the other man was trying to express in his. Nor can you do this by a merely literal rendering. If you are translating a French author, and come across the phrase, *il se noya*, your first instinct is to translate it literally, "he drowned himself." But then you have to reflect that *se noyer* in French need not mean to drown oneself; it may mean simply to get drowned. Was it accident or suicide? You must find out from the context; if that is impossible, you must hedge; "he met his death by drowning" will leave it doubtful whether it was suicide or not.

Nor is it enough to find out what the man said, you must find out why he said it; you must reproduce, not only the sense, but the emphasis of his words. To take a very simple instance, which is constantly recurring, the Hebrew has one word that does duty for *and* and *but*; and wherever the trans-

*Trials of a Translator. Copyright, 1949, Sheed & Ward, Inc., 830 Broadway, N. Y. City, 3. 88 113 pp. \$2.

lator comes across that word in the Old Testament he must decide between them, sometimes at the risk of making nonsense of a whole paragraph. And finally, if your original has any pretensions to literary merit, you want to preserve its idiom, which (commonly at least) you cannot do by a literal translation. "*Être ou ne pas être, c'est bien là la question*" is not Shakespeare's "To be or not to be . . ."

There are special difficulties about finding out the exact meaning of any word in the New Testament. It was written, or at any rate it has come down to us, in Greek; and in a kind of Greek which had become debased through being used as the common language of the civilized world, very much as Latin was in the Middle Ages. You can never be quite sure, therefore, how much of its native force a given word has kept; just as you cannot be sure whether the word *almus* in a Latin hymn is meant to convey its root sense of "nourishing," or is a merely insipid epithet meaning "kindly."

Worse than that; most of the New Testament authors knew Greek as a foreign language, and when you are talking a foreign language you do not express your meaning exactly as a native would. To take an extreme instance, an Irishman talking English does not use the words *Yes* and *No*, like an Englishman; he says, "I did," or "It is not," because the language of his forefathers had no words for "Yes" and "No." How are we to be certain, then, that our author picked out the

exact word to express what he meant, writing as he was in a foreign medium? Take, for example, St. Mark's account of our Lord's agony in Gethsemani. "He began to fear and to be heavy," so our Bible translates it, but you will scarcely find two interpreters who are agreed on the proper rendering of either verb. How much fear, how much astonishment, is implied by the one; how much hesitation, how much repining, by the other? And yet it is surely a matter of importance that we should know exactly what our Lord did feel in Gethsemani! Or take that well-known phrase in the Last Gospel, "*the light shines in darkness, et tenebrae eam non comprehenderunt.*" Does that mean that the darkness could not understand it? Or that the darkness could not smother it? Constantly you feel that the tool which came to your author's hand was not the exact tool he wanted.

But there is a further source of confusion. The New Testament writings come down to us from a time when the vocabulary of the Christian faith was in the making. Words like grace, faith, salvation and so on, have, for us, exact theological meaning. Then they were used with less precision; they were not yet technical terms. Consequently, the translator is always having to ask himself, "Should this word in this particular passage be interpreted strictly, in its defined theological sense? Or is it still being used in a loose, popular way?"

We translate "Hail, thou that are

full of grace," and in the next chapter "Jesus grew in favor with God and man"; but the word *grace* is the same as the word *favor* in the original. We translate "My faithful witness, Antipas," but ought we, perhaps, to translate "My faithful martyr"? By the time the Apocalypse was written, it may be that the term had already an official connotation.

Sin was the word used by the Jews to mean any breach of the law, culpable or not; and they were apt to describe their Gentile neighbors as "sinners," meaning no more than that they were Gentiles. "The Son of Man shall be handed over to sinners" means, almost certainly, "The Son of Man shall be handed over to Gentile folk, the Romans." When our Lord ate "with publicans and sinners," were they people of notoriously evil life? Or were they merely Gentiles? "Tend the church of God, in which the holy Spirit has made you bishops"—should it be "bishops"? Or should it be just "overseers"? Constantly this comes up: "Am I making the language of the New Testament too vague? Or am I making it too stereotyped? Am I reading too much into it, or too little?"

All this the translator must take into account if he is going to do justice to an individual phrase or sentence. But his duty does not end there; he must follow the thought of his original, and make it intelligible to the reader, bringing out the emphatic word or words in each sentence, indicating its logical connection with what goes be-

fore and after. He must make the whole paragraph hang together and convey a message. That duty was apt to be overlooked by the older translators, if only for this reason—that the Bible was printed in verses; and, by a trick of our natures, if a page of print is broken up for the eye, we do not expect it to convey any coherent impression to the mind. Any verse in the Bible was a "text," you preached from it; you quoted it in theological arguments; you did not look to see what the setting of it was, or how it fitted in. We are so used to this piece-meal way of approaching the Bible that hundreds of priests, well enough grounded in Latin, read the epistle for Christmas Eve without noticing that there is no main verb in it.

I don't say that it is easy to bring out the general sense of a Biblical passage. Sometimes, for example, in the Prophets, you have to give up, and admit that these passages may have been intelligible to the people they were written for, but certainly aren't to us. But in St. Paul's epistles, for example, or in the Book of Job, it is quite clear that there is a thread of argument running all through, though it is very far indeed from lying on the surface. To present your material so that this thread of argument becomes apparent is no easy matter; but you have got to do it if the Bible is to be read as a book, and not merely studied as a lesson.

I said it was the translator's business, in the third place, to preserve the idiom of his original. That means, not

that he must copy it, which would be easy enough; he must transpose it into the idiom of his own language.

A hundred turns of phrase confront you as you read the Old Testament which make you sit back in your chair and ask yourself, "What would an Englishman have said?" When I say "an Englishman," I do not mean a modern Englishman. The Old Testament record is of events that happened a very long time ago, under primitive conditions; to strike a modern note in rendering it is to make fun of it.

The new Catholic version of Genesis which has appeared in the U. S. contains one such lapse into the vernacular. When Eleazar, Abraham's steward, has gone to Mesopotamia to find a wife for Isaac, this version represents him as "waiting to learn whether or not the Lord had made his trip successful." Now, I am not objecting to that as an American way of talking. My objection is that an American would not speak of the Mormons as having had a successful trip to Salt Lake City in A.D. 1850. All the less should they speak of Eleazar as having

had a successful trip in 1850 B.C. A successful trip suggests shifting your cigar from one side of your mouth to the other as you alight from your airplane in San Francisco. It does not suggest trekking over many miles of desert on a camel.

You cannot do justice to antiquity without taking refuge in rather old-fashioned English. A Biblical phrase like "O King, live for ever!" has got to be changed; nobody ever talked like that in English. But you must not change it into "I hope that your Majesty's life may be spared indefinitely." You must get back to the language of a period when palace etiquette was more formal, "Long life to the King's majesty!"—something like that.

This is not meant to be a complete list of the difficulties which beset, as I see it, the path of the conscientious translator. Believe me, I have only indicated a handful of them. I have only attempted a partial answer to the question which naturally suggests itself to the uninitiated: "What, nine years to translate the Bible! Fancy taking as long as that!"

❖ *Booby Trap*

ONCE St. Bernard, while on a journey, was joined on the road by a traveling peasant. Asked if he loved God, the peasant replied, "I do, with all my heart."

"Do you often pray to Him? Above all, do you pray with attention?"

"Father, I never have any distractions!" By this time St. Bernard began to have some doubts. "Son, let us make a bargain. If you are able to say the Our Father all through, I will give you this horse I am riding."

The peasant was delighted, feeling that the horse was already his. Scarcely was he half through, however, when he stopped to ask, "But, Father, will you give me the bridle, too?"

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (26 March '49).

Finger Painting

By ROBERT P. NENNO, M.D.

ONE evening last summer a young man stood before a police desk sergeant in a large eastern city. He was like any young man in his middle 20's, except for a strange, confused look on his face and an empty left coat sleeve. He faltered a bit, finally forced words out of his mouth: "I've come for help. I don't know who else to go to. I don't know who I am. I'm lost. I don't know where I'm from, or what I'm doing in this city."

They sent him to a psychiatric hospital. Within 24 hours his family was located by means of laundry markings and clothing labels. This is where the newspapers left off; but there was more to the story. When his wife arrived, the man recognized neither her nor his life's story as she told it.

Briefly, his history was this. He was born a few years after the 1st World War, when his family was "just getting started." Then a few pleasant years, followed by the depression and his father's suicide. His mother struggled to send him through school; he was talented enough to receive a four-year college music scholarship. But wars are too important to allow for the training of pianists; he had completed

two years of college when he reached the Battle of the Bulge. Here he lost many of his friends, and his left arm. Back home, he was too discouraged to continue school, since "one-armed musicians are like one-armed paper-hangers—they exist only in the comic books." He held several jobs but had done rather poorly on all. Then he lost his memory.

The psychiatrist faced the problem of bringing back "forgotten" memories and making them livable for the patient. Even facing the lost arm, the psychiatrist chose the medium of finger painting in treating the illness, for he foresaw a twofold effect: curing the amnesia and instilling confidence, since the patient would realize that a lost arm doesn't mean complete invalidism.

The first drawings had superficial content and revealed nothing of import either to psychiatrist or patient; but the succeeding drawings contained more and more of the hidden thoughts, hidden even from the patient, thoughts from his unconscious mind. By using these clues as portrayed in the finger paintings, psychiatrist and patient were able to reconstruct the "forgotten" past. Within a relative-

ly short time the amnesia victim was well, and mentally much healthier than he had been before the war.

The history of finger painting dates from only 1930. In that year Ruth Shaw, a native of North Carolina, was conducting a school for English and American children in Rome. Her problem concerned not only the education of children of foreign lands but also their orientation to a new way of life in a strange country. To do this she used all of the methods available, from sightseeing in the Vatican to craft work in her villa school. She used all teaching techniques, except art. She accidentally fell upon finger painting when she found one of her young pupils smearing iodine on the bathroom walls with his fingers.

Miss Shaw saw right away how she could use finger painting (so named by one of her early pupils), but had no materials. The paints had to have good color and texture qualities; they had to be harmless to the skin and harmless if swallowed; they had to be permanent; and they had to be weak enough to be washed off clothing and hands. Research took her from the manuscripts of Pliny in the Vatican library to small paint shops in Rome. At last she was able to make such paints. They are now made commercially and are for sale in most art-supply houses.

Use of the materials is so simple that any novice might become accomplished. In fact, it takes little time for an amateur to become an artist after he learns the few basic rules.

There are only six finger-painting colors: red, blue, yellow, green, brown and black. They were chosen to avoid confusing the beginner and yet allow for a spectrum of colors by proper mixing. A special glazed paper is used so that the paint and water will not be too readily absorbed. "Throat sticks," seen in the physician's examining rooms, are used to dip paint from the containers. Other than these few "store-bought" articles the finger painter needs only a pan for wetting the paper, a small basin for sprinkling the paint when it gets too dry, and a water bucket for washing hands and arms and for cleaning spatulas and paint rags.

The paper is slowly dipped into a pan of water and placed shiny side up on the working table. About a teaspoonful of the selected color is placed upon the wetted paper and then worked onto the surface with fingers, hand, and even forearm. A single color or combinations of colors may be used, but one principle must be observed: the paint is to be moved by the fingers, hands, etc.; the fingers are not used to draw. There need be no formal composition in mind when the painting is started. Often the best production will be accomplished if the painter pushes the paint around the paper and gets the "feel" of the paint before he actually thinks about any particular thing.

When the painting is finished, it is laid on a newspaper to dry and then pressed on the under side with a moderately hot iron.

The whole process is so interesting and such a good outlet for artistic talents, whatever they may be, that finger-painting clubs for adults have spread throughout many cities in America. In schools, from the nursery stage to college craft shops, finger painting is used for instruction and entertainment. For children, this art is really only an advanced stage of mud-pie making; for adults, it provides a release from the worries of the day, a means to express creative tendencies. A bank executive recently said that finger painting allowed him to build his castles in the air, released the hostilities he built up during the day, all without leaving his work bench at home. While he formerly took sleeping tablets at bedtime, he could now lose enough tension through finger painting to fall asleep immediately.

Although psychiatrists are only incidentally interested in the expression of hidden talents, they are always seeking new methods of therapy and new methods of exposing the "inner" thoughts and personality to an understanding scrutiny. It is no surprise, then, to learn that one year after Miss Shaw published her description of finger painting and its uses, a psychiatrist reported that he had used this medium in treating a stammerer.

For centuries astute observers have noted that what a person does reflects his personality. Handwriting, clothing, taste in home decorations—all indicate personality. It is the personality of the individual that allows one woman to say to another, "You ought to

buy that dress. It was made for you." Titian, Raphael and other artists have painted their own personalities on canvas regardless of their subject material. And, someone has said that every novel is really the autobiography of the author.

Armed with these observations, psychiatrists immediately began to make use of finger painting. Research is still going on, and the final answers have not yet been given, but it is known that finger painting has two distinct uses in psychiatry: tension release, and, not too-well defined but equally as important, allowing the psychiatrist to find clues to the patient's basic personality.

The psychiatrists, in working with finger paintings, are really detectives, for they must watch everything from the attitude of the painter to the final product itself. Color is important, and may provide a key to the personality (the continued use of black by an adult may indicate severe depression). The application of the paint to the paper might show a great amount of repressed hostility, for instance, if the paint is applied in a rough, slapping manner. The texture of the paint on the paper, the order that is observed in the painting—these and many other factors reveal personality.

More important to the psychiatrist, however, are the hidden meanings the pictures contain and the stories the pictures tell. Fred B., a seven-year-old, was brought to the psychiatrist by his mother. She said the child was a behavior problem in school and was

continually fighting with other children. The father was an alcoholic who had been unbelievably cruel to Fred and his mother before he deserted them a year previously. It was at that very time that Fred became a behavior problem.

Fred's first drawings were concerned with large, hideous animals attacking defenseless creatures such as sheep and rabbits. He always used vivid colors, indicating a deep disturbance. It was obvious to the psychiatrist from the first that Fred was identifying himself with the rabbits, and his father with the attacking animals. But the psychiatrist had to be content to wait for the moment when Fred would realize his problem and be willing to talk about it.

As the series of drawings progressed, Fred changed the rabbits into little boys and described what his own feelings would be were he attacked by such animals. Then the animals turned into grotesque giants, again attacking little boys. At this time Fred talked of his fears of being attacked by giants, then by "big men," then by his own father, and here the real problem was unfolded.

The father (when sober) was an affectionate person whom Fred loved very much, but when on a spree the father was a mean, cruel person whom Fred detested. It was during one of his father's drunken bouts that Fred wished (in the omnipotent manner that all children use in wishing) his father would disappear and never return. Quite coincidentally, the father

did desert the family at this time, leaving Fred with the impression that he, by some magic power, had caused the disappearance. This, then, was Fred's basic problem. In a few sessions the psychiatrist was able to explain the real situation to Fred. Fred immediately began to show more interest in school and modified his behavior toward schoolmates and teacher.

This is but one application of finger painting to the field of psychiatry; other applications and examples might be made, however, for this new art has been used in many veterans' hospitals and in army installations during the war, with the seriously ill psychotics and the not-so-seriously ill neurotic persons of all walks and stations of life.

Finger painting has other uses in psychiatry. The midwestern banker said that it relaxes him. The psychiatrist interprets this as a relief from anxiety, the tension that many of us build up in ourselves either as a result of our real problems or for reasons quite unknown to us, from the unconscious mind. Finger painting is used with mentally ill patients who are often unsure of themselves and lack self-confidence. Often, when such patients find hidden talents and abilities for creating works of art, their self-esteem is enhanced and they begin to feel confident that they may assume other responsibilities and tasks which will aid in re-orienting them with the "outside world."

Fields of medical specialty other than psychiatry have used finger paint-

ing for physical cures since the war. Veterans recovering from paralysis unconsciously develop little-used muscle groups in effecting a finger painting; children who have scars from bad burns stretch contracted tissue and exercise muscles; persons suffering from strokes regain their lost abilities; infantile-paralysis victims muster new strength in the affected members; and there is even value in finger painting to persons losing their sight, for through it they often maintain their last contacts with the world of color and form. Thus they allay the normal depression that accompanies approaching blindness.

Above all, however, finger painting is being seriously practiced by thousands of Americans who have never considered approaching the psychi-

atrast. Those people, healthy in mind and body, divert their interests from the ordinary cares of the day to the new world they create. They transport themselves from mundane environments to a new setting wherein they are the directors and producers, and where they, alone, can effect the proverbial "happy ending." Already, many of the finger-painting clubs have widened their horizons to include book jackets, box-cover designs, wall-paper, lamp shades, and waste-paper baskets.

It is remarkable that this process has, within a short span of less than 20 years, become "all things to all men" and has taken its place in fields ranging from the cure of mental illness to recreation for weary adults and education for growing children.

PICTURE STORY

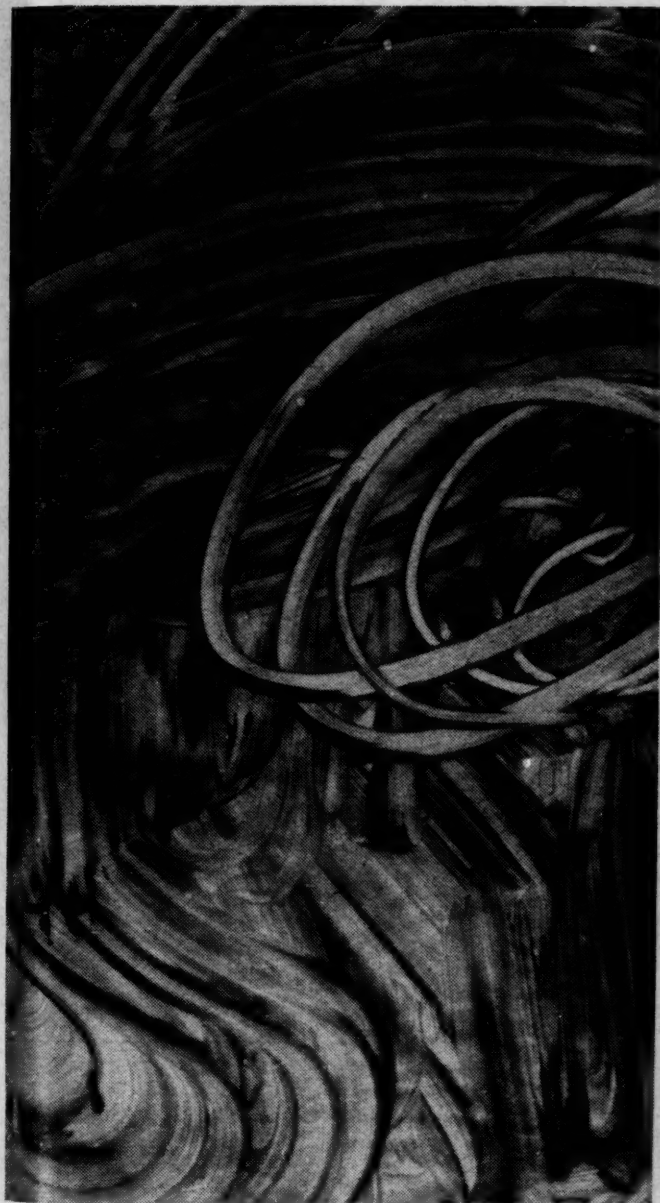
Finger Painting

Finger painting is a new and easy way to produce real art. You can get a pretty good idea of how it is done from the picture on the front cover of the young lady at work. On the page to your right, the artist made his sweeping vision of a far-off tropical isle by pushing a blob of gummy paint across a sheet of wet paper with his fingers. There are finger-painting clubs in nearly every American city. They are growing in popularity because even a beginner can get striking effects. ➡

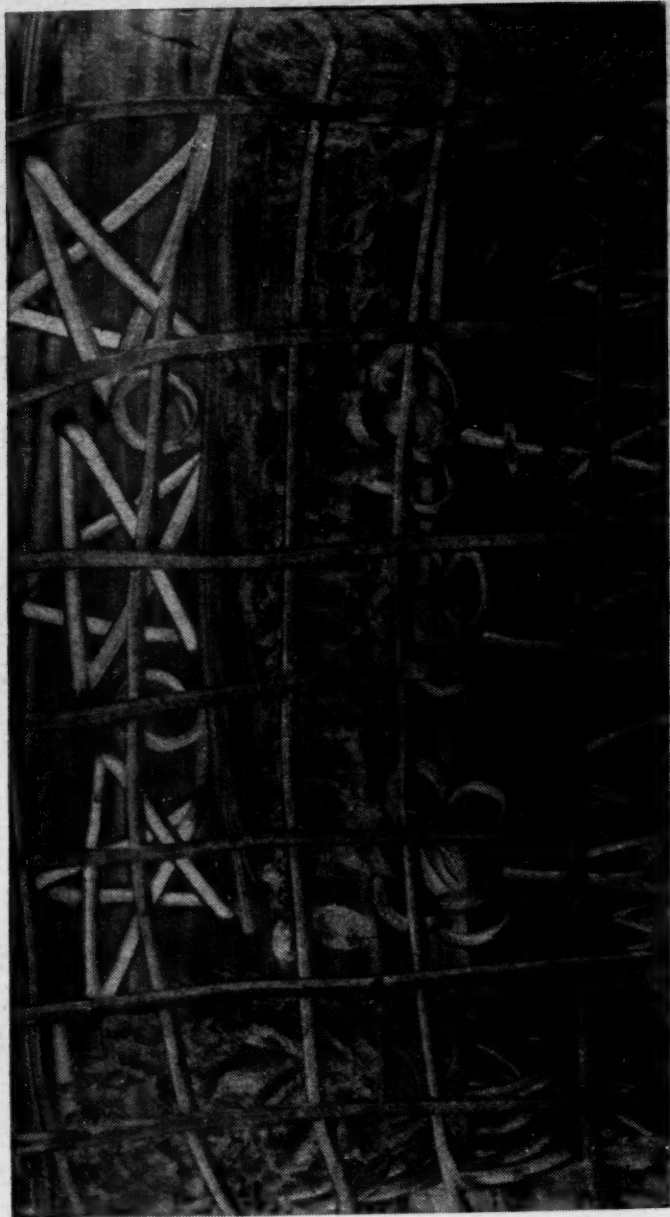




Progress is rapid. A sailor who had been to Africa and the South Seas made the crude face in the lower picture on his first attempt, but showed considerable promise in the upper painting, which was his fourth try at the art of finger painting. You can use the heel of your hand or your forearm if you want to, for special effects in your masterpiece.



Even the littlest children get the idea. This boy had just come from the railroad station, and decided to put down his impressions of the whirling wheels and jets of steam. The paints are easily washed from both hands and clothing; whatever mess is made can be quickly cleaned up. This matter was given consideration in the very beginning of the art.

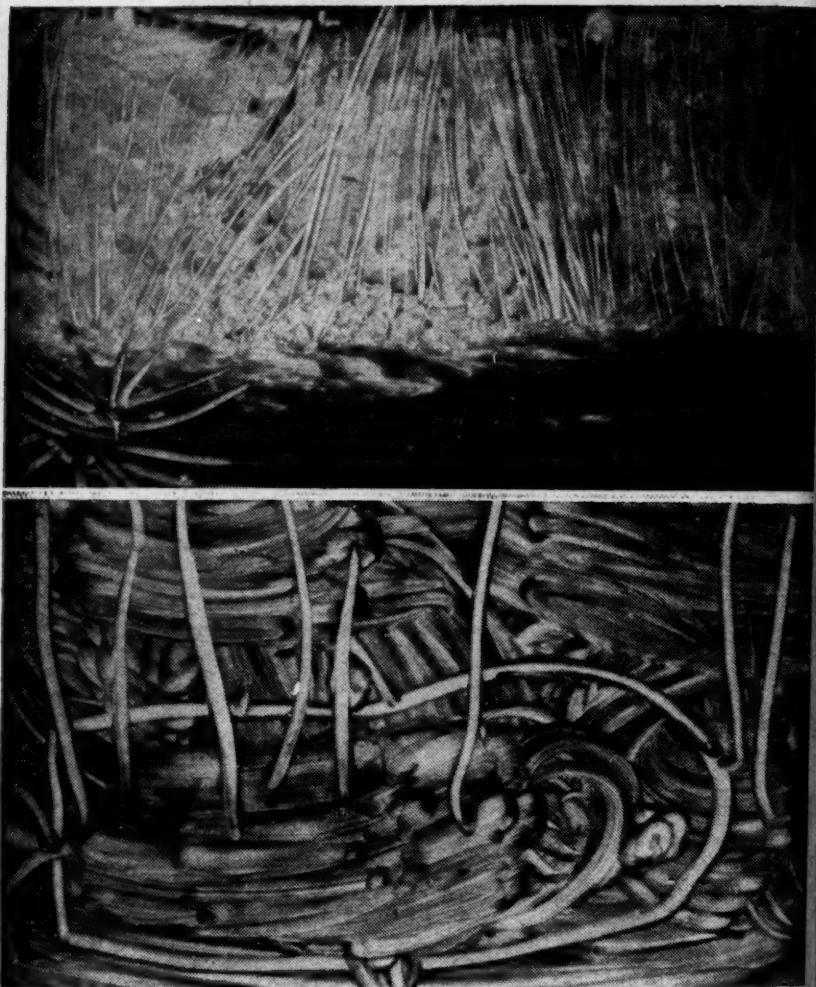


This little girl had not been on her best behavior. Being kept in her room made her feel fenced in. The garden, the flowers and the stars in the sky, for her, are beyond the bars of her window. When she made this picture, she was probably too young to put her feelings into written words, but she got them all into her painting.

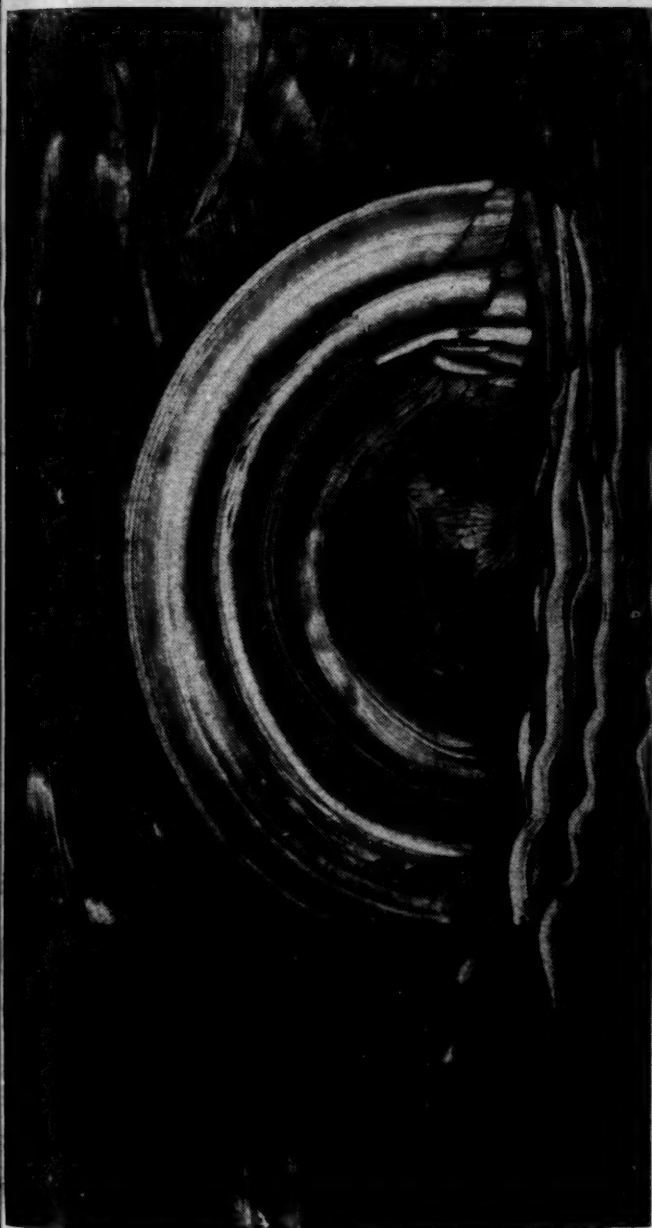
words, but she got them all into her painting.



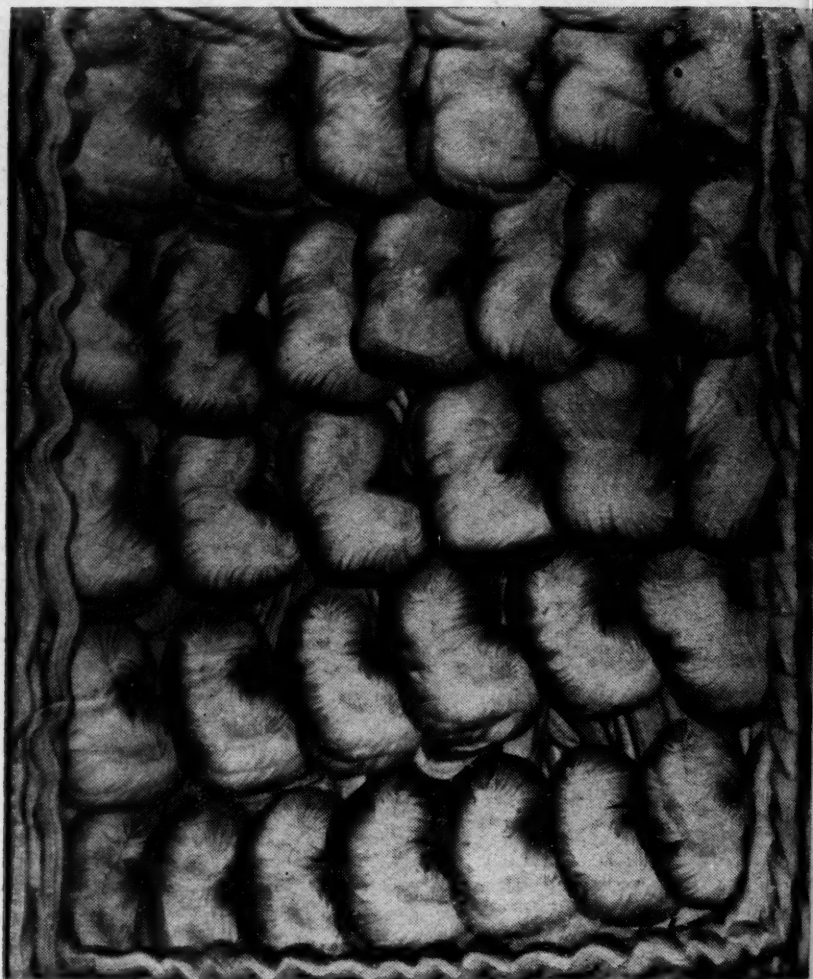
"Seven dance on stage while hundreds of people applaud" was the title a crippled girl put on her picture. Her ambition to dance, and her hopelessness, made her magnify herself seven times in finding this outlet for her feelings. The blue tone of the original picture shows how naturally colors are chosen by the painter to express a mood.



More tragedy. These two children saw their father kill himself by jumping from a window. The lower painting shows the outline of a coffin, in blue tones in the original. The upper indicates the fall by vertical lines, the impact of the body by the cluster of radiating lines and a pool of blood at the bottom. Shocking memory for the two youngsters.



This is the sun rising from the sea as imagined by a 12-year-old boy almost totally blind. He could distinguish only "light" and "dark," but he knew the sea was blue. He made the sun the same color. Finger paintings often reveal that minds of the artists are working in ways unsuspected by normal persons. Finger painting is truly a personality key.



Don't tell your dreams and don't show your finger paintings around if you have traits you want to keep concealed. This man made his picture with the heel of his hand but his pains-taking care for exactness and design show him to be a careful workman. He used to make counterfeit money. It was good, too, but not good enough to keep him out of jail.



Most finger painters eventually take a fling at symbolism. This hungry Englishman, soon after the close of the war, represented (he said) the little supplies of food in England with the little blobs and the big supplies of the U. S. with the big blobs. He couldn't put his work down without a dark cloud of adversity over England.



Symbolism sometimes runs away with the artist. "War is a dragon, and I am a scared rabbit" was the explanation of the sailor who made this one. But experts in the interpretation of finger paintings say that he came pretty close to expressing what a lot of people felt but wouldn't admit even to themselves, much less others.

wouldn't admit even to themselves, much less others.



Psychiatrists say that finger painting can bring out the subconscious part of the mind. This boy just drew a picture. The experts, who knew the boy had lost his father in the war, say he was painting himself in soldier's equipment going forth to take his revenge on the world that took his father from him. What and how you draw, the colors you choose, tell about you.



A murderer, awaiting execution, begins his story (below) in pictures of himself and his two victims. Above is the end of the story: a quiet graveyard. Psychiatrists are using finger paintings more and more to get data on subnormal and irrational patients, but they came on the scene too late to help this artist keep himself out of trouble and tragedy.



Paintings by prisoners, like their poems or stories, are always tragic in theme. This woman had killed her child to revenge herself on her husband. That rank weed in the midst of the delicate plants is what her husband still meant to her when she tried to relieve the monotony of prison life by finger painting. Tension release is one fruit of finger painting.



By this time you are probably trying to figure out the pictures before you read about them. You're right if you say the man made this one with his feet. But even here there is meaning for the psychiatrists. They were trying to rehabilitate a man who had lost both hands and they saw in his painting a brave effort to succeed.



A believe-it-or-not item. The amnesia victim did not have much control over his hands, and wrote "death" at the bottom. But the relaxation and amusement he got from finger painting cured him finally. He remembered his name shortly after tracing out these ribbony lines and stipples. Finger painting is good medicine for the afflicted, in soul or body.



Psychoiatrists learned from this painting that a sense of guilt was their patient's trouble. The artist was a Marine who indicated his wild living in wartime by the champagne glass, the dice, and the card. The dagger shows that the horrors of combat had a part in unbalancing his mind. If he carries on with his finger painting, it may bring him back to normal.

"Brooklyn's gift to the regiment"

I Knew a Saint

By
BRIG. GEN. JULIUS KLEIN

Condensed from the
*Congressional Record**

TO HAVE known Father Lawrence Lynch, as thousands of servicemen of all faiths will agree, was to have known divinity in man. If Father Lynch is not a saint in heaven, I'd just as soon not go there. GI Joe, GI Pat, and GI Abe—all of them would feel the same.

I am proud that I was asked to deliver his memorial address, because I was his commanding officer in the Pacific, but most of all because I loved him as a friend and recognized him as God's fighting man, true priest and true soldier.

The first time I met him we battled. He strode into my office on Noumea island in 1944 with fire in his eye and volcanic lava in his voice. As handsome a big husky as I've ever seen, I decided. Successor to the great Father Duffy as chaplain of the 69th, he would often introduce himself as "Brooklyn's gift to the regiment."

Now he was fretting and fuming

with me, his colonel, at what he claimed was foul injustice in not promoting a certain buck private. He was so outspoken and so vehement that I heard myself threaten to court-martial him!

"All right!" he flared. "But I'm a priest before I'm a soldier, and I'll fight injustice anywhere."

I leaned back. The man's earnestness outweighed the criticism that was downright insulting.

"Go and bring the GI in," I snapped, "and we'll settle the matter right now."

In less than half an hour Father Lynch was back with—a Jew. A boy of my own race and creed, and a Catholic priest was fighting for his promotion. What's more, I knew (you can't be fooled on such matters) that Father Lynch was quite unaware of the point. It never mattered to him whether a soul was white or black, Jew, Christian or unbeliever. To him each human being was simply a child of God.

I'm wrong. It mattered once to Father Lynch.

It wasn't when he ambled through the barracks in the middle of one of our spirit-straining rainy spells and yanked every pin-up picture off the walls. He didn't stop to mark a man's faith then, but he left for all a picture of Mary, the mother of Christ. It was a lovely and inspiring picture, and with it Father Lynch left a note. "Here's a pin-up picture of the world's most beautiful lady. She loves you,

*Extension of remarks by Rep. Thomas J. O'Brien of Illinois, May 9, 1949. Reprinted from Guideposts, November, 1948.

and if you ask her, she'll never refuse you help."

I went to see Mrs. Lynch in Brooklyn when I came home from the war to tell her of Father Larry as I knew him, and I found a rabbi of the neighborhood having a dish of tea with her. The mother who raised ten children listened to me describe the funeral when 50 priests using 50 jeeps for altars said 50 Masses in unison over his Pacific grave—and every sect and creed held memorial services.

She said to me in her thick brogue, "Larry told me if he didn't return from war that I'd hear from him every day. And I do, general. Visitors like yourself, men and boys, letters and gifts—not one day has gone by without a message."

He had a knack for making religion mean something exciting and personal and all-important. His battered old paint box, his typewriter, both were mediums, golden bridges, for men to cross over through his paintings, his writings, his unforgettable sermons and prayers.

I was with him the night a man's creed made a difference, the night of one of the Pacific's most heart-rending tragedies, when the Liberty ship *Elihu Thompson* struck a mine off Noumea harbor. I had to supervise the rescue work.

Within minutes after the explosion, Father Larry was on the dock. We went out to the crippled ship together in a small crash boat. One by one as they were brought aboard, Father Lynch asked the victim his religion, or looked on the dog tag when the man was too far gone to say what faith he professed.

"*Ego te absolvo*," he administered the last rites to his Catholic men. And my heart leaped when I heard him half whisper to a Jewish boy, "*Sh'mai, Israel, Adonai, Eloheinu Adonai echad*."

And once when he put his hand over the mouth of a young hysterical kid, he made the sign of the cross on the lad's head, smacked his cheek, and said, "Now you're blessed; all you need is a mug of coffee."

• The Open Door •

ANY hundreds of readers have written the CATHOLIC DIGEST about how they came through the open door into the Church or watched others do so. We editors wish

we were able to thank each of you personally for your letters. Since we cannot, we can do the next best. So here are a group of accounts. It seems there are *so many* doors.

HE HAD taken his non-Catholic friend to Mass on a Sunday morning. It was the first time the friend had been in a Catholic church. The stranger found everything very interesting; he even noticed that at the end of Mass the altar boy took the book over to the Gospel side for the last Gospel. A week later he was at Mass again; this time the missal was not moved over to the Gospel side. Puzzled, he returned a week later and made a small bet with his Catholic friend that the book would go over this time.

The book did not go over; he paid off. A week later both were back at Mass, again a small wager that the book would not go over. It went over, and the non-Catholic gentleman paid off. After Mass he asked to be brought to the rectory. At the door he told the priest, "I'm losing money on your Church," and explained what had happened. One question led to another. Now he uses a missal. T. Q., California.

THE Catholic lady, introducing her husband to a priest at a social function, said, "My husband, Father, is not a Catholic."

"How is it," said the priest, jokingly, "that you, married so long to this Catholic lady and having such charming Catholic children, have managed to stay outside the Church?"

"Well," said the gentleman, "no one ever invited me to join it!"

The lady, with red face and smiling confusion, admitted that she "thought" he was correct.

"In that case," said the priest, "I

invite you to join, here and now."

"Thanks," said the gentleman, with an air of appreciation. "I accept."

T. J. L., St. Louis.

THE old couple on the isolated Oklahoma farm were now really angry. It was bad enough for their niece to have become a Catholic but why should she thrust all this Catholic literature upon them? However, reading material was scarce and the winter evenings were long, and it was better to have Catholic papers than none at all. Dad knew how bitterly anti-Catholic mother was, so he used to amuse himself by reading aloud articles from the Catholic periodicals. He enjoyed her reactions and comments, which were sharp and bitter.

The missionary Father who received them into the Church is all out for the Catholic press, and why shouldn't he be?

Thomas Lynch, O.M.I.

BARNEY, a member of Alcoholics Anonymous, was worried. He had not made the fifth step of the program, which reads "Admit to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs." At my suggestion he chose a Catholic priest as the other human being.

The next time I saw Barney he told me, "Joe, A. A. has a beautiful program. So has the Catholic Church. If A. A. could restore me to mental normalcy, I believe Catholicism can restore me to God."

Needless to say, Barney is now a Catholic and a good one. So also are a lot of other A. A.'s. Joseph T. Keenan.

MY SISTER lives in the neighborhood of a Protestant theological seminary.

Some years ago, one of the students was assigned, as all the students are, to visit various near-by churches, of all denominations, to study the delivery and style of the sermon.

My sister remembers the day he came to her parish church, not because she saw him, but because of the sermon. She says the pastor outdid himself. He scolded the parishioners for coming in late, said they barged down the aisle like ships in full sail, distracting the rest of the congregation. They were strong enough to do anything they wanted, all week long; but on Sunday they were too feeble to get to church on time, and too delicate to remain until the end of Mass.

"No congregation will stand that," thought the student. "This is one church that will be empty next Sunday."

The following Sunday, he returned to see how few parishioners would be there. To his astonishment the pews were crowded, the back of the church full of standees! He could not understand it. He came back the next Sunday, and the Sunday after. The church was always crowded, no matter how unpleasant the sermon.

So the young man decided to ask the priest about it.

On the day my sister came to tell me the story, she had attended the first Mass of that same student.

Mrs. A. R. Riker.

RECENTLY a friend told me that he had decided to join the Catholic Church. "Good," I said, "but what made you come to that decision?"

"Well, the other day when I sold some hogs, I celebrated a little too much and my wife was having difficulty in getting me to the car. Finally she threatened, 'If you don't straighten up, I'm going to call the cops!'"

"A well-dressed gentleman was walking past. He sniffed and remarked, 'I don't blame you, madam; I would, too.'"

"By the time we were in front of our parking place a big fellow with his collar on backwards came along. He helped me into the car, saying 'God bless you.' I decided I could use some of his religion." Hope Rogers.

A NON-CATHOLIC housewife stood watching a painter as he swayed casually suspended from the eaves of a three-story building. Suddenly a rope gave way. The workman plunged to the pavement 60 feet below. The housewife rushed to aid the victim, who gasped, "A priest, a priest!"

She had a vague knowledge of what the last sacraments mean to a dying Catholic, and hurried to telephone the nearest rectory. Meantime she had the injured man carried into her house. Later, she concluded there must be something in a religion that causes a person to forget his pain and think only of his soul. That did it.

Agnes M. Driscoll.

Horatio Alger: today

The Young DP Who Made Good

By WILLIAM E. RING

Condensed from NCWC*



WITH ample portions of courage, faith, and love of freedom, George Edward Suboczewski, 26, has in a few months changed himself from a dependent displaced person into a very independent and placed person.

It is a long way from Warsaw, Poland, to Peoria, Ill., but George made it. When he left Germany last October with the first shipload of refugees to enter the U. S. under the new DP law, he had no idea he would wind up in Peoria. But that's where he is, with a job in a tractor factory while working for a Bachelor of Social Science degree at Bradley university.

I was returning with other newspapermen from a tour of DP camps in Germany and Austria when I met George on board ship. He was acting as an escort officer, shepherding some 500 Catholic charges of War Relief Services among the 813 DP's aboard. He did an excellent job. Before he left Germany, George had worked for two years at WRS-NCWC headquarters in Frankfurt, Germany.

When uprooted by the war George was attending the University of Warsaw, majoring in commerce and law.

His experiences with the relief agency changed his mind about his career. He had been with the underground during nazi occupation, and was taken prisoner after the ill-fated Warsaw uprising under General Bor. He spent a year in German work camps until Americans came in 1945. Eventually he found his way to Frankfurt and the job.

After the ship docked, I asked George to write and let me know how he was getting along. He didn't forget, but he emphasized that he is only one of hundreds of "Georges" striving to prove to Americans that they made no mistake by allowing DP's to enter.

From New York George went to relatives in Northampton, Mass. "Such hospitality I could not dream of," he wrote. "They treated me with whipped cream and other American specials night and day. They vetoed my going to Peoria, where I had learned of a job, and made me stay on for three weeks."

But young George had good reasons for leaving Northampton. "I did not want to depend on anyone's charity. I cherish in my heart the 'freedom of

*1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, 5, D. C. April 14, 1949.

doing things I wish to do, in the way I would like to do them,' above anything else," he wrote.

"I was advised by American friends not to live in an entirely Polish-American community, which would mean I would have less chance to get acquainted with the all-American way of life.

"And the most important: I had a chance in Peoria to go to school again and thereby fulfill my greatest dream of the present."

George added that he has greater dreams, "to see my mother again" (he hasn't seen her since he was taken prisoner in 1944) and "to bring my sweetheart from Canada."

So he went to Peoria and got the job. At the university, he outlined what education he had. He was accepted as a student and given credit for 84 semester hours out of a required total of 124.

But everything isn't "peaches and cream." Here's his daily schedule. "Up at 7.15 A.M., breakfast at 8, bus at 8.15, and at the university by 8.45. Lectures from 9 until 1 P.M., then an hour for lunch, 30 minutes devoted to study. By 2.30 bus to the factory, some home work on the bus and during 20 minutes supper time at the factory, and by midnight back home, to bed at 12.30."

He has Saturdays off, but puts in most of his time studying and shopping. On Sundays, there's church, more studying and obligatory lectures

at the university. He adds, "I barely make provision for a movie between 7 and 11 on Sundays; after all, I must get some relaxation."

He is having budget trouble, too. He has pared down his expenses to \$29 a week, but still has to meet tuition fees and send something to Polish relief, which runs his expenses up to \$51.05 a week against his \$50 salary. "But with God's help, I know I can manage," George wrote.

About problems of readjustment, George writes, "I like the friendliness of you Americans, the way a superior talks to his employees, the way a customer speaks to a salesgirl, and a passenger to a bus driver. I like your great hospitals, your fine schools and sport stadiums, wonderful trains, and amazing organization of your factories. I really enjoy your American food and, maybe most of all, the natural behavior of most people. I admire their desire to help other people and the good intentions accompanying their actions.

"What is difficult to understand is comic books which nearly everybody reads and I can't; ten pages about sports in the local papers, and finally a widespread dislike for classical music, which is part of my spiritual life. I wonder why kids six years old go to movies which should not be shown to them. And also the tremendous waste of material in every phase of life as compared with the European instinctive thrift."

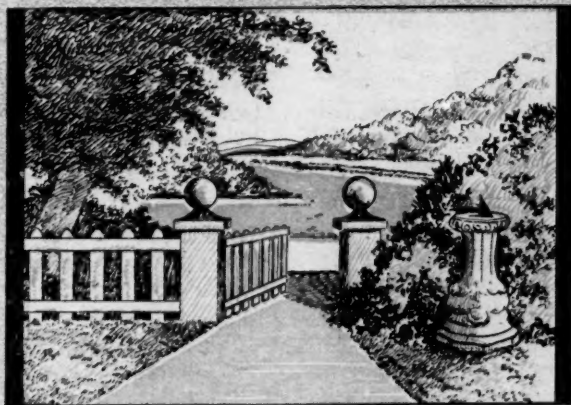


BOOK SECTION

How To Improve Your Personality by Reading

Excerpts from the book*

By FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON



THESE excerpts from the new book, *How to Improve Your Personality by Reading* by Father Francis B. Thornton, are indicative of the enthusiasm and inspiration which the author generates in his apostolate of "lighting the way to the use of good books as instruments for exciting living."

Father Thornton, at one time associate editor of the *CATHOLIC DIGEST*, has been aware for a long time that a large majority of Catholics fail to appreciate the great heritage of books, limiting the possibilities of their intellectual, moral, and social growth as well as their successes. His first work was the anthology *Return To Tradition*. It appeared as a result of the overwhelming need for a comprehensive scholarly anthology of modern Catholic writings which would be a selected repository of our finest literary utterances during the past 100 years.

In the present book he presents a guide to teach people how to read with ease and how to criticize and estimate the value of books.

**How To Improve Your Personality by Reading*. Copyright 1949 by Francis Beauchesne Thornton. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher, Bruce Publishing Co., 540 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. 241 pp. \$2.50.

How to Improve Your Personality by Reading

By FRANCIS B. THORNTON

YOU CAN'T ignore books. Their number and mass alone is some faint indication of their importance. In the U. S. there are at least several billion volumes. Spread in one spot they would cover a space larger than Chicago. Put them end to end, and they would reach to Mars and back, and still leave enough to make steps to the moon.

Nor is the end in sight. Thousands of presses multiply the number of books year after year. Day and night the proof pages are scanned and the presses thunder. Great publishing companies plume themselves on editions of novels or biographies, which run to a million copies. Book clubs and book reviews fan the fury of sales. On trains and boats, in quiet gardens in California and Ohio, in bedrooms and in tar-paper shacks, men, women, and children bend over printed pages day and night.

The American people, like all nations, do much more than pay lip service to books. We house them in multimillion-dollar buildings with sham Gothic buttresses and fake Greek colonnades. In libraries we walk tiptoe and whisper for fear of shattering the golden concentration of

students or readers. We are ready to believe anything, once it has been printed. To us, authors are like prophets and seers of old. In the wink of an eye they can tell us of conditions in foreign countries; they can expose the mind of genius, or the complex psychology of peoples in a few loose paragraphs of dogmatic statement.

Multitudes of magazines and reviews exist for the sole purpose of glorifying books, deifying authors, and making money. In such reviews we are told how many cigarettes Joseph Conrad smoked, how Ezra Pound used to eat rose leaves and gurgled like a water jug, how Bernard Shaw scorned the dead animals his wife ate, and how many husbands Kathleen Winsor had.

Originally Americans respected the Word of God in the Bible as an inspired and holy thing. It was but a step from this belief to the further conclusion that the printed word of any kind is holy, and somehow to be worshiped blindly. It need not be understood, compared, or turned over in the mind; it must be blindly accepted. As religious belief waned, these opinions became a part of our tradition. Books and authors were something to be

worshiped, in much the same fashion as the Word was worshiped.

I WILL never forget a surprise I had in 1937, when teaching a class at Duquesne university. The class was large, 45 or 47 pupils. They were lively, and average or better than average students; at least they seemed so when measured by the attention they gave and their eagerness to learn.

One day, as an immediate assignment to test their observation, I gave them the task of setting down the complete plot of any film they had seen, with a list of the characters who had been in the picture. Though the students confessed they went to the movies once or twice a week, not one in the class was able to give a complete account of any film he had seen in the last month or a complete list of the characters. They had simply sat in the darkened theater for a two-hour black-out. Scenes and words had titillated the retina of the eye and the conch of the ear, but no permanent impression had been made on the mind.

Such experiences led me to inquire into the reading habits of my students. How did they read? What type of books pleased them most? About a twelfth of the class read widely, swiftly, and found books, on any level or of any difficulty, interesting. Of these, one-half read unanalytically and without measuring facts or comparing opinions. They were, as I told them, like post-office blotters which soaked up the idle markings of any hand.

Eleven-twelfths of the class mem-

bers used books purely as diversion. They read magazine articles, sloshy modern novels advertised as "the novel of the year" (usually sexy, at least in implication), second-rate detective thrillers, and Zane Grey. They read to fill an idle hour, "when there was nothing else to do." Boredom alone forced them to the task of reading the printed page. Most of them read slowly and, as a consequence, found reading an effort and study an agony. They really earned their intellectual bread by the sweat of their brows. Needless to say, they much preferred *Life* to Plato.

I do not believe my students were better or worse than those in any other college or university. The great majority of them went from college into responsible or lucrative positions; and many of them, whose lives I followed, became young leaders in their communities. In my extensive contacts with students of all classes, I have actually found few who can grapple with books or the most elementary conversation. Yet they are all worshippers of the printed word. In any discussion it is enough for people if they can say, "I saw it in the New York Times, or *Life*, or the San Francisco Examiner," regardless of the facts involved. As my friend Hilary Pepler says, "They have newspapers sticking out of their ears."

Our libraries are morgues and dust catchers. It is not only the "100 best books" which are neglected. The great mass of solid and enduring literature remains untouched.

What reading is done by the great mass of people is inattentive and slovenly. It is not knowledgeable reading, and most certainly it is not cathartic as great works of art are in the field of poetry or the novel. It has one medicinal effect, however, in that it is used as a drug for boredom and idle hours. It is a dream tower in which all the men are like Errol Flynn and all the women like Betty Grable. There is conflict in this world, but it is always happily resolved in the end. The million dollars is saved, the heroine has her ugly nose altered and gets her man, the murderers are caught, or the hero, having "lived," becomes a "Religious" dedicated to a life of vague self-sacrifice.

Reading was originally meant to be "knowledgeable" pleasure. It was to "recreate" the senses, but it was also to "enlarge" the imagination and "give joy" to the intellect. When God breathed into clay the breath of life, He made a complete man of thrilling sense, aspiring imagination, and stabbing intellect. In our reading today, if we cultivate but a third of our heritage, we have truly regressed. Without complete aliveness, without total cultivation, we will still be zombies and the light of our vaunted civilization will soon be quenched. The bathtubs and refrigerators will remain.

THERE is a hunger in man for knowledge and pleasure, an equally deep urge for variety. Most men and women lead constricted lives in which there is no possibility of satisfying these deep

desires. They must earn their bread and keep their houses; they are chained to a narrow compass of earth by business and duties, by families and commitments. Their friends are like themselves, with the same interests. Conversation is truly "small" talk. Social affairs have a tendency to become exact repetitions of each other. The husband takes up bowling or poker or golf. The wife cultivates interest in clubs or parish societies. Occasionally a man "goes on a binge," or a woman buys herself a more eccentrically florid hat than she can afford. These are usually revolts against the humdrum character of life which offers no satisfaction in knowledge, pleasure, and variety.

People who live in this fiercely constricted atmosphere cuddle down in their rut; the grass grows over them, and they fancy it is the sky. Yet they are frustrated and unhappy, a rich field for physician, psychiatrist, and confessor.

Yet, on their doorsteps lie the means to satisfy their urges. They can travel, meet the most significant men and women of all time, think with the greatest minds, love with the greatest lovers. An exciting world awaits them, no farther away than the flower-bright fields of their little towns or the close-bending, flower-laden sky of night.

This world is to be found in books in the nearest library. It cannot be apprehended with the ease with which a flower may be picked. It requires human disciplines, not very great nor severe, which, once achieved, open the

gates into the universe. The heavens, the air, places, and people come alive. And in this throbbing, new current of life about them, their own personalities change for the better. Swiftmess comes to the mind. The intuitions begin to work; people take on charm. Their own conversation drops its boring qualities and becomes lively, quick, and imaginatively interesting. People remark them, welcome them.

There is a man of my acquaintance who has often told me of his own experience in this regard. Up to the time of his college days he thought books were something for "fuddy duddies" or college professors. He was a star athlete, and made a great name for himself in football and basketball. Activity itself, he thought, was enough for him, but he found himself perpetually restless.

Then he broke his leg and went to the hospital. Among the books brought to him there was Pascal's *Thoughts*. Something in its piquant intuitions fascinated my friend. He wanted to find out why life was so thrilling to men like Pascal, and why they could see into it so deeply. He started to read: great novels, travel books, the best poetry, philosophy, plays. He read like one starved. Where people only watched him before, they now listened to him as well, for he was well worth listening to. He finished his college career with the highest honors. Today he is president of a well-known international company. People wait on his words and expressive breadth of judgment. He is by

far a greater man because he found in intelligent reading the full means to awaken and realize himself.

WE ARE essentially artists and imitators. The baby learns from the lips of his father and mother: he learns to form their words, to think like them, to act like them. He will copy even their mistakes and faults. As he grows up he imitates his teachers or fellow students, and in mature life he may copy someone he admires.

Wouldn't it be wonderful, we sometimes say to ourselves, if we had Plato for a teacher; if we had known Shakespeare and Napoleon and Homer; if we had Tolstoy, Browning, Shelley, or Caesar for friends. Then we might have imitated them instead of our fathers or mothers, Miss Blintzendoerfer of Public School No. 5, or Sister Mary Arcopagite of St. Theresa's.

It is possible to live with the greatest men and women of every age. We *can* walk in the green groves of ancient Athens listening to the voice of Plato. We can hear the lapping of the waters of the sea of Tiberius and sit at the feet of Christ. Lincoln is no farther away from you than your eyes and mind. At the windows of your soul Washington and Napoleon, Swift, Shakespeare, and St. Augustine wait the nod of your will to show themselves to you. Tolstoy, Dickens, and Thackeray, Dostoevski, Willa Cather—all the witty and the wise, the holy and the thoughtful, stay on the twinkling of your fingers to reveal themselves to your heart.

Books are great people at their best. To live among them is to teach yourself to surpass yourself—to take on something of the gloss of greatness, to live in familiarity with the significant ideas which can make the world a decent and livable place: ideas which can make *you* a significant person.

The truth makes you free to be the man or woman God meant you to be. It humanizes you, sets you ever more and more apart from the *animal kingdom*.

It also has monetary value; though love of money never made any man rich—but *his mind*. Yet, if, in rubbing elbows with the great personalities and thoughts of literature, history, and science, you have developed as far as possible your sense, imagination, and thinking power, you will be much less at the mercy of life or circumstances than the average man is; you will have more intellectual capital to live on contentedly. You will be able to deal more competently and suavely with the people you work with, because you understand personality completely, or reasonably completely. In addition to these excellences, for which the world is willing to pay, you will not be content to sit down and do your work ploddingly. You will sense the shadings of it, the ways in which it can be improved and enlarged; you will understand how your job touches every other thing. These are the surest steps toward advancement in any business or in any community. The world often carelessly and inaccurately sums up these excellences under the names of

“luck,” “shrewdness,” or “vision.”

In one of my night classes some years ago, I made the statement that acquaintance with great books had the monetary values I have just exposed. At the conclusion of the lecture a young man waited for me. He was personable, “sharp,” as our young people would have it.

“I work for a big company,” he said. “At first I had regular promotions, but for the last two years I have remained in the same place at the same salary. Your words tonight impressed me. I haven’t read much. Would you be kind enough to make up a list of books which will help me?”

I made the list for him—a long list. He read the books on it, at first painfully and slowly, then ever more rapidly, with mounting interest and enthusiasm. At the end of two years he took me out to a dinner of celebration. From soup to nuts we talked interestingly of ideas.

At the end of the meal he said, “I can’t ever be grateful enough to you for that list of books. They have made the world alive for me. It isn’t merely the fact that my salary has jumped from \$250 to \$600 a month. This is of some moment to me, naturally, but it is nothing compared with the fun I get out of life, since books woke up my intelligence and imagination. I used to be a mere oyster; now I’m beginning to find a pearl in myself.”

The dollars-and-cents value of books was “something,” as this young man said, but it is not the best thing. The

full, the intense living, the *humanizing* of man are the real goals.

WHEN people ask me, "Is there a Catholic novel?" I always reply with the question, "Is there a Catholic Church?" Of course the answer is Yes to both questions. It does not make sense to talk about the Catholic novel without talking about the novel. It doesn't make sense to talk about the novel without understanding the Catholic novel.

American Catholics who write novels find themselves constricted in having an adjective attached to their profession. They have a vague feeling of being "cribbed and confined" by some sort of enormous spook looking over their shoulder: a spook who pins up their hair every time they try to let it down, who washes up their adjectives, puts a lid on their exuberance of spirit, constricts their scenes, and makes prunes and prisms of their romantic sauces.

Because of this feeling, many of the younger Catholic writers would prefer to drop the term Catholic and think only of the novel; forgetting that even as you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear it is still more impossible to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse.

When the prose novel came once more into vogue in modern times, it appeared in a Protestant *milieu* and had its great development at Protestant hands. The English school of novelists in particular, men like Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, and even Richardson, based their works very solidly

on the foundations which Petronius and Apuleius had built. Like the art-for-art's-sake group of the 19th century, Pater, Wilde, and their fellows, they thought of the story for the story's sake if they thought about their craft at all.

Catholic writers who invaded a pagan and Protestant field either had to face a moral problem, or, in their writings at least, cease to be Catholics.

Catholic writers were committed to an "absolute" system of ethics. They could not shrug ethics off as many Protestant writers did, nor could they interpret ethics in their own fashion. It was all set down in black and white, or, better still, in coal and flame. The thunders of Sinai reverberated from it.

Compared with the dogmas of the Church, the dogma of story for story's sake shriveled and became idiot's babble. Yet the Catholic writer determined to be a novelist couldn't ignore the story if he hoped to excel in the field.

IF WE tear apart the dogma of story for the sake of the story, we begin to arrive at some clarification of the problem. The novel, as such, did not originally come into being to restrict life, but to enlarge it. Certainly it had to amuse, but it had also to inspire. Catholic writers were, it is true, dedicated to an absolute ethical system, but their works had to be more strongly dedicated to Christ's teaching. "I came that you might have life and have it more abundantly." It was the purpose of the novelist to "enlarge" life.

The Catholic artist had a still wider

dedication. He had to take a hammer and break up the narrow horizon of brass that men had clamped down over the heads of men. In the field he had adopted as his own, the field of the novel, this was not an easy task. His stories had to be as interesting as the stories of novelists who were not Catholics. He had to be just as clever in building up intensity; he had to know the tigers of glowing words and phrases and how to make them perform, but he could not deform men for the sake of the story, nor could he use the inadequacies of men, their vices and deformations as the valid motifs of tragedy, unless he saw them against the background of grace and, at least, the partially willful turning away from it.

His concept of drama was not the tragedy of an animal caught in a trap, like the novels of Hardy or Moore. There was so much more in man than that. Man wasn't just a tissue of nerves exposed to the sharp, probing scalpel of fate. Man couldn't be merely a wild whirlpool of the unconscious, out of which something detectable as a human hand came now and again in one last appeal for help. These are mere mechanisms; like all mechanical things there is no genuine tragedy in them.

The real drama and tragedy of life comes from the feeling we all have that there is so much more in man than his actions reveal, or the dust he becomes. As Pascal wrote in his *Thoughts*: "Man is but a reed, the weakest thing in nature, but he is a

thinking reed: it is needless that the whole universe should arm itself to destroy him; a vapor, a drop of water is enough to kill him. But if the universe should crush him, yet man were more noble than that which kills him, because he knows he dies, and the universe is not sensible of the victory it has over him."

The true concept of the role of the Catholic novelist is enlarging, not constricting. It is essentially a balancing of things which appear to be mysteries; an enlightening of those things which appear dark; a careful tracing down by plot or character delineation those causes and conclusions which are agents at once to *interest* the reader and to *inspire* him to an understanding of himself and his world.

THE development of the novel in pagan and Protestant hands has plainly given most of our Catholic writers an inferiority complex. They go on carefully mincing about life as if it were a series of doll-faced Dresden-china statues; they cry out in the *Atlantic Monthly* against the illiberalism of Catholic ethics and tradition which will not let them demonstrate their hairy chests like Hemingway, or emulate the sprawling and "crawling" inartistry of Erskine Caldwell.

To be a genuinely Catholic novelist, or a Christian novelist, for that matter, requires a complete and lively understanding of our tradition as it explains and "dramatizes" all human character and human acts.

To be a Catholic novelist in fact

demands a complete understanding of our entire tradition, and by that I mean western tradition from Greek times to the present moment. The Incarnation was not a point in history. It is a living reality which forever conditions all existence, all living. This understanding does not make life or character superficial. It adds another dimension which gives depth and living, spiritual dimensions to all that pretends to live.

It rules out of novels the photographic and merely pietistic, which are aspects of surface Catholicism. Understanding the Incarnational implications of our flesh darkens the light of tragedy, heightens the notes of joy, and adds a complication to life which gives a clotted richness to act, existence, and personality.

If the sparrow which falls from the housetops is marked by God, how much more are the flowing facts of a man's life.

The scrub woman on the stairs, the king in his throne room, the worker at his lathe, the scavenger on his daily round, the poet in his ivory tower, the housewife bathing the baby or washing the dishes, all are wearing masks.

Things are never what they seem: the actions of the protagonists take on a character of perpetual surprise, both in plot and understanding of personality; this is a gain which enhances and enriches the development of a masterpiece. It lends to the portrayal of character an optimistic tone, not the false optimism of a Pollyanna, but the true upward look of one who knows that

the stakes of life are for eternity. Human tragedy or comedy, therefore, are relative terms when seen against the divine tragedy and divine love which alone can give man either complete meaning or genuine significance.

TRUST in the superficial aspects of life, belief in its value as action for action's sake, makes the pagan and Protestant novelist; the Catholic novelist takes his excellence from more than this. His profundity and value, as a writer, flow from his understanding of the love and tenderness of life's Author as it affects all character and the comedies or tragedies of daily existence. Not life in a thimble but all life interests the complete Catholic artist.

Even in his treatment of modern man and his rootlessness, the Catholic author, by implication at least, indicates the tragedy of loss of God-direction. To weigh man against man, or woman against man is nothing. The eternal quadrangle is composed of God and the devil as well; life is seen as existence, not on one plane, but on several or many.

It is high time American Catholic writers got out of their birdbaths and took a dip in the profundity of the universal ocean of their Faith, which washes all shores and all races. Those of our writers who have taken to the deeps are eminently successful both as storytellers and inspirers. François Mauriac, Georges Bernanos, Kate O'Brien, Graham Green, Evelyn Waugh, René Bazin, Sigrid Undset, Paul Bourget, Robert Speaight, Léon

Bloy, J. K. Huysmans, A. J. Cronin; even a partial roll call of their names is like a salute of noble trumpets. And if we add to these the novelists who are Catholic by implication: Dostoevski and Tolstoy, greatest of the Russians, and our own Willa Cather in such tales as *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and *Shadows on the Rock*, it becomes blindingly evident that our so-called Catholic novelists are shallow and unseeing to whine or cry out against the constricting pieties of their ethics and religion, which are supposed to deform their art.

In the works of great Catholic writers there is God's plenty for the deepening of personality. Mature Catholic novelists will not be short-

sighted enough to give you a partial view of men and life. It is the complete and universal which interests them, the great things which have made man the splendid creature that he can and should be.

The competent Catholic novelist will show you both the heights and depths, and the reader who has looked at both clearly will have his intuitions and judgments sharpened to see the rich possibilities of living. To love people, to love life, to love God—all this will seem as no clever maneuver of pietism but something thrillingly profound, something which communicates both light and fragrance to the commonest things of daily existence which lie "too deep for tears."



Shooting for Salvation

WHEN two priests of the Paris Foreign Mission society stand on the banks of the Blue river and point guns at each other, it's time to go away and mind your own business. They are making their confessions.

Their missions in the northwest corner of the Chinese province of Yunnan are far away from any other large centers but relatively close to each other. However, they cannot meet and talk. The river is not very wide, but it rushes with a great noise through a narrow gorge. There is no bridge, and a boat would be swept away.

The two priests have solved their problem by each writing his confession on paper, screwing it up, and shooting it across with an ancient kind of blunderbuss the natives use out there. When the priest on the receiving end has picked up the missile and read it, he puts on his stole. The other priest kneels down, makes his act of contrition, and receives absolution.

The process is then reversed.

The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament (May '49).

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

CROSS AND CROWN; *a Thomistic Review of Spiritual Theology*. St. Louis: Herder. Quarterly. \$4 a year. New periodical of interest to anyone attracted by the glint of an excellent life. Well written; well printed.

Dudley, Owen Francis. YOU AND THOUSANDS LIKE YOU. New York: Longmans. 157 pp. \$2.50. For non-Catholics who would like to know the Church and how it can help them. In the clear, direct style that made *The Masterful Monk* so popular.

Jurgensen, Kai & Schenckan, Robert. FOURTEEN PLAYS FOR THE CHURCH. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press. 268 pp., illus. \$3. Thirteen of the plays come from the Middle Ages. With their delightful texts are suggestions for modern staging.

Kapsner, Oliver L. CATHOLIC RELIGIOUS ORDERS. Collegeville, Minn.: St. John's Abbey Press. 351 pp. \$4. Alphabetical list of names and abbreviations of Religious groups, with brief identifying notes. Indispensable to cataloguers and to library reference collections.

THE KING'S GOOD SERVANT; *Papers Read to the Thomas More Society of London*. Westminster, Md.: Newman Press. 112 pp. \$2.25. Nine pointed discussions on law and its contacts with conscience. For every Catholic lawyer or citizen who would see law in a rational light.

Knox, Ronald. TRIALS OF A TRANSLATOR. New York: Sheed & Ward. 113 pp. \$2. Essays born of combat. Creator of new version of the Bible for England states what he thinks is demanded in making translations.

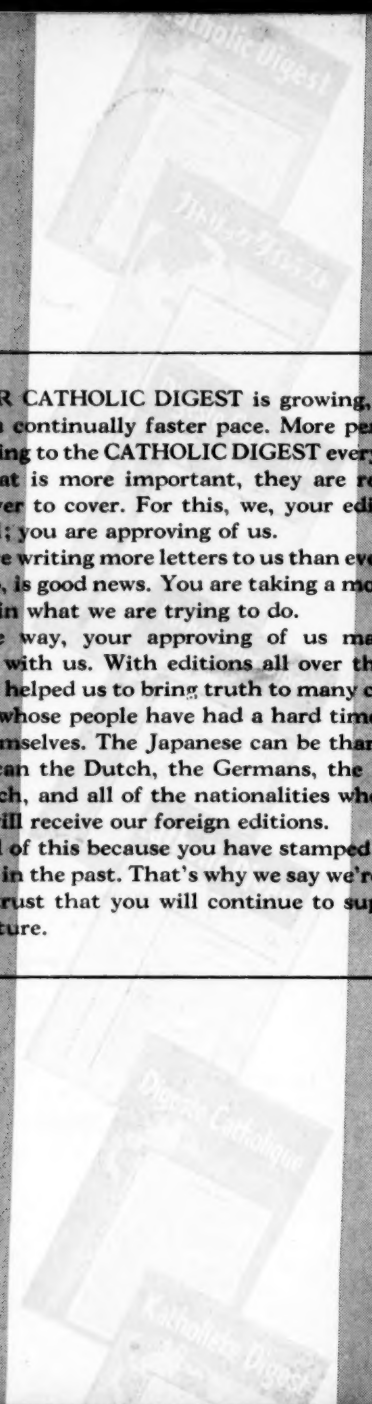
Maris Stella, Sister. FROST FOR SAINT BRIGID and Other Poems. New York: Sheed & Ward. 94 pp. \$1.75. Remembrance of childhood, and an informed love of nature and the seasons in our upper Midwest; in subdued and expressive meter.

Morrow, Louis L. MY CATHOLIC FAITH. Kenosha, Wis.: My Mission House. 415 pp., illus. \$3. A catechism for laymen. Concise information about the doctrines and practices of the Church.

Ward, Leo R. BLUEPRINT FOR A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY. St. Louis: Herder. 402 pp. \$5. Centered around a live theology that knows its age, the aim of a Catholic university is to advance learning while it reviews critically both itself and the fund of knowledge already held. A modern *Idea of a University*.

Weyand, Norman, editor. IMMORTAL DIAMOND. *Studies in Gerard Manley Hopkins*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 451 pp. \$5. Over and above his literary aims and techniques, Hopkins' religious background is put in relief in these essays by fellow Jesuits.

Williams, Margaret, compiler and translator. GLEE-WOOD; *Passages from Middle English Literature from the Eleventh Century to the Fifteenth*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 553 pp., illus. \$6. The spirit of Catholic pre-Renaissance England; an anthology woven into a fast-flowing history.



YOUR CATHOLIC DIGEST is growing, growing at a continually faster pace. More persons are subscribing to the CATHOLIC DIGEST every month, and, what is more important, they are reading it from cover to cover. For this, we, your editors, are thankful; you are approving of us.

You are writing more letters to us than ever before. This, too, is good news. You are taking a more active interest in what we are trying to do.

In one way, your approving of us makes you pioneers with us. With editions all over the world, you have helped us to bring truth to many countries some of whose people have had a hard time finding it by themselves. The Japanese can be thankful for you; so can the Dutch, the Germans, the Italians, the French, and all of the nationalities who receive or who will receive our foreign editions.

And all of this because you have stamped O.K. on our work in the past. That's why we say we're thankful and trust that you will continue to support us in the future.